THE
NATION

May 21, 1960 . . 25c

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CITIES INTO TARGETS

Our Misplaced Missile Bases

James E. McDonald

DOES NIXON PLAY the GAME?

Joel Feinberg

HOW MANY MORE CHESSMANS?

Stuart Palmer

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LETTERS

Letter from Seoul

The letter from which the following extracts are taken was written by an American resident of Seoul on April 24, at the height of the student uprisings in South Korea.—ED.

Seoul

Dear Sirs: . . . Why, you may ask, was it the students who revolted? Why not an opposition party, or more adult dissidents? The answer is that they are the only ones, and the logical ones, to see that the country is being cheated of its independence. They study Locke and Hobbes and Rousseau and the rest of them *in English*—because there are few textbooks in their own language. Their elders know now that they have learned only too well what the West has to teach about political democracy. Their parents belong to the past, to the ruling clique, and those who tag along with it. The opposition is split by unfortunate circumstances, including the death of the most responsible leader. Moreover, there was a tradition in Korea of student responsibility in politics. Under the last dynasty, the top graduates held the highest civil posts, and it was their duty, when the King was corrupted, to remonstrate and even bring about his removal. It is almost as if this old practice, unused for the fifty years of Japanese rule, is revived in a new form. . . .

Frank was in the Ministry Building where the police were hiding and from where they opened fire. The Koreans were most concerned for his safety. He left the building at the peak of the battle and urged the demonstrators not to destroy foreign property, as it would only get them into trouble. They had already smashed all the windows in our car, but several people apologized—imagine!—when the police were firing at them. Then Frank drove the car two miles through the mobs to the U. S. Army compound, where he raised a convoy to go back and rescue the other Americans holed up in the same Ministry Building he had left. He accomplished this trek, inch by inch, without ever a sign of anti-American feeling. . . .

It has been a relatively orderly revolution (Frank says he has seen much worse) but *very* determined indeed. Nobody thought the youngsters had it in them. I wouldn't have thought so either. They seem so leisurely, self-concerned, like all young people — and, oddly, pampered, the one privileged group in an underdeveloped country. But they weren't fooled. That's the great thing. And the country will, if it ever gets a decent government, owe it to them.

GEORGIA FRAISE

Seoul, Republic of Korea

Sen. Humphrey on Peace

Dear Sirs: I welcome your emphasis upon disarmament in your editorial, "The Candidates and a Politics of Peace" (February 6, 1960). The quest for safeguarded disarmament must be at the heart and center of American foreign policy. Of course, until disarmament is negotiated, we must maintain and if necessary increase our military strength. But we must press disarmament negotiations forward *now*, not postpone the effort.

As you know, I have introduced legislation for the establishment of a National Peace Agency. I see it as a "Manhattan Project for Peace," mobilizing the brains and the resources needed to solve the complex problems of controlled disarmament, and the equally complex problems of economic adjustment which it would entail.

I have also called for the up-grading of disarmament negotiations within the State Department, through the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of State for Disarmament and Atomic Energy Affairs.

We should carry on disarmament negotiations as far as possible within the framework of the United Nations. Needless to say, I have also long been emphasizing a greater dedication to the works of peace—development for peace, food for peace, health for peace and education for peace.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY
U. S. S. (Minnesota)

Washington, D.C.

Negroes and Unions

Dear Sirs: I take exception to Dick Bruner's article, "The Negro Bids for Union Power," in your March 5 issue. It is superficial and fragmental. . . . I take specific exception to the statement that only six AFL-CIO unions have Negroes in elected positions of leadership. Of the sixteen Executive Board members of our union, two are Negroes. . . . Each was elected by virtue of his own abilities. Each has been re-elected several times and has survived competition from white opponents. Each comes from a district in which Negro membership is in the distinct minority, so white members elected these leaders of our union. The nature of politics in our union is such that these men could not have been elected by administrative ar-

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Mission of the S-4

Suppose it had happened this way. . . .

The Russians were jubilant when the Cubans announced that an airport would be made available to them for use as a base in the investigation of atmospheric phenomena. Short of starting an atomic war, there was nothing we in the United States could do about it; besides, the Latin Americans had become so critical of us, for things we had done or left undone, that we had to limit ourselves to protests. It was on May Day that the first of the new-type Soviet reconnaissance planes took off from the Cuban air strip, presumably to study gusts. Eluding our radar, it flew to Mexico, refueled and headed north over the border into the air space of the United States. The airplane was unarmed and owned by the Soviet Institute of Meteorology. The pilot was Sergei Popoff, formerly a Soviet air officer but now a civilian; in short, everything was absolutely correct except that soon the aircraft was over Cape Canaveral, photographing the missile pads. Sergei was not afraid — what was there to be afraid of? He was wearing a Macgregor sport shirt and his emergency kit bulged with American money, French perfumes (it is well known that American women will do anything for perfume), maps and Diners Club and American Express credit cards. And if the worst came to the worst, Sergei could kill himself with the hypodermic needle which the Soviet government had thoughtfully included in the kit.

Sergei turned and flew over the arsenal at Huntsville, Alabama, where he secured excellent photographs of our 1,500,000-pound-thrust Saturn as well as of Wernher von Braun drawing a diagram on a blackboard. Another turn, and he was headed for the softly hardened missile base at Plattsburgh, New York, whence it was only a short hop back to the Cuban base. But he never reached Plattsburgh. Operational for the first time, SAGE got a fix on the S-4 and it was shot down by anti-aircraft gunners who immediately received a free trip, with their families, to New York City, including dinner at Lindy's and tickets to the Jack Paar show.

Sergei landed unharmed in a Catskill Mountain village and was seized by the peasants, who turned him over to the FBI. When Moscow discovered that Sergei was alive, confusion engulfed the Kremlin (nobody there had ever envisioned the possibility that the S-4 could be shot down). The Soviet Institute of Meteorology issued a statement insisting that Sergei was only a high-altitude weather man, but this statement was quickly revealed as a fraud by our own Allen Welsh Dulles, who waved the photographs of the missile bases before a joint session of the House and Senate. The trapped Russians then made a clean breast of the whole affair, and had the effrontery to plead, in defense, their traditional fear of attack since the Japanese jumped them in 1904 and the Germans in 1941. They even had the gall to compare these attacks with Pearl Harbor. What was still more brazen about the Soviet attitude was Moscow's insistence that it would continue to invade the American air space from Cuban or other bases close to our shores. And the Russians, citizens and officials alike, closed ranks behind Khrushchev. . . .

How would Americans be feeling today had this reverse version been the true one?

A Peculiar Moral Climate

Now let us look at the actual reactions to the all-too-real facts of the U-2 incident. If we are to accept the reaction of our legislators and publicists, our press and electronic communications media, as reflecting public opinion, we must conclude that fifteen years of cold war have indeed conditioned us to what the New York *Herald Tribune* calls a "peculiar moral climate." A nation gone morally bankrupt could hardly have struck more grotesque attitudes or taken refuge in more obtuse apologetics. We admit that we have repeatedly violated the sovereignty of another nation by "overflight" incursions. Despite the risk of accidental war, we reaffirm our intention of continuing to conduct such flights. The record shows that we first denied, then, when caught red-handed, conceded the essential accuracy of the Soviet version of what had happened and justified it on the same grounds of necessity and expediency that we have denounced others — especially the Russians — for using. In our strange new world, we maintain the right to spy as though it were a high moral principle

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— "distasteful" is the strongest adjective that the Administration has used in qualification. We concede by implication our inability to pinpoint responsibility for the doubly hare-brained mission of the U-2 on the eve of the Summit conference. We permit an agency deeply involved in international scientific responsibilities to be placed in the position of having grossly misrepresented the facts ("I thought I was telling the truth," the aggrieved acting head of NASA complained); we place indispensable allies in a position of peril and compromise them diplomatically, and we finally concede a series of violations of international law, long hidden from the American people, which, had it been known earlier, would certainly have reduced indignation over Soviet espionage by several tens of decibels. When caught, we attempt to make a virtue of our acknowledgment, although the record leaves not the slightest doubt that the only reason the acknowledgment was made is that we were caught. And then, by a kind of self-brainwashing, we seek to make a scapegoat of the pilot who, it would appear, should have shot himself to save the honor of CIA and the reputation of Allen Dulles, our master spy.

Outside of the Administration and its apologists on both sides of the aisle, what has been the domestic reaction to those miserable disclosures? The *Wall Street Journal* summed up a nation-wide survey of individual and newspaper reactions in this way: "It was just too bad that we got caught." The quotes amply substantiate the conclusion. As further evidence, *The New York Times* quoted from thirty-four editorials, among which only the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* pointed out that aerial mapping of a country with which we have strained relations is something utterly different from the ordinary run of espionage. Nor were any of the editorial writers troubled by the fact that the pilot of the U-2 was obviously reconnoitering and photographing bombing targets, which makes a travesty of the excuse that his mission was defensive unless, indeed, one holds that preventive (or pre-emptive) war is a legitimate form of defense.

The final insult to what remains of the intelligence and moral sense of the American public is the exhortation to "close ranks." Close ranks behind whom? An Administration that, as James Reston of *The New York Times* said of the President, is not managing its

What We Should Learn from the U-2 . . . *by William H. Meyer*

SOME MAY REGARD the recent loss of an American plane in Russia as a warning that the uncertain peace could at any moment explode in the fury of a war beyond conception. However, the immediate issue is the survival of free democratic government operating under civilian leadership in a manner that openly informs our people and is at least reasonably responsible to the voters and somewhat responsive to their wishes.

We are alarmed whenever any arm of government leads us needlessly to the brink of war, but we should be equally disturbed by the threat to our form of government occasioned by a well-intentioned oligarchy of militarists and sympathizers who operate secretly and are responsible only to themselves and responsive solely to their own misconceptions.

The latest incident is an extreme example of the danger caused by the actions of a clique that could never obtain prior consent for such deeds from the American people. No justification can be claimed on grounds of military necessity. Strength in the power struggle, or the need for espionage, is no excuse for foolish acts when the stakes are so high. Opposition to a Summit, or to negotiation, is even less excusable.

If we are to have any chance to establish peace, we must return to our traditional application of the processes of government. This is the path to justice and freedom. It is also the way to help lead all the peoples of the world to spiritual and material progress. The plane lost in Russia is a symbol of the utter failure of those who have lost faith in American democracy. These misguided usurpers of power, together with their even less enlightened counterparts in other nations, will destroy all that we hold dear unless we make certain changes in government operations.

We must start here by eliminating all unnecessary secrecy. Police-state tendencies must be discredited so as to promote public discussion. The unconstitutional accident which resulted in the building up of an oligarchy of first-class Senators and Representatives with access to some of the secret information and who, for this reason, exert an influence that demotes the vast majority of the elected representatives of the people to second-class Congressmen, should be repaired. It is vital to restore the leadership of the entire Congress in cooperation with the President and his civilian departmental officials. This cannot be done unless the authority of military men is restricted solely to their proper field of military matters and unless the leaders of such specialized agencies as the Atomic Energy Commission, the Central Intelligence Agency and the Federal Bureau of Investigation are divorced from the formulation of policy.

THE HON. WILLIAM H. MEYER (D., Vt.) has built up a reputation for plain speaking remarkable for a freshman Congressman.

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own departments preliminary to a critically important international conference? Behind a Democratic leadership that appears to have no inkling of the obligation of an opposition to analyze, criticize and dissent? Behind the Central Intelligence Agency as it staggers from blunder to blunder, from disaster to disaster? And where is the rationale, the stature, the greatness which the ordinary citizen might aspire to share? Not a single true or stirring word came from anyone in authority, for neither truth nor nobility was in them. There was only one eloquent voice, and that was raised in dissent. It issued from a room in New York Hospital where Dr. Leo Szilard expressed "such indignation as I have rarely experienced. . . . I resent being lied to by my own government."

And a Postscript

The temptation was very strong this week to reprint in its entirety Sir Compton Mackenzie's article "The Spy Circus: Parasites with Cloaks and Daggers" from *The Nation* of December 5, 1959. But tradition prevailed and we decided not to use it. Even so, we yield to temptation to the extent of quoting the concluding sentence from this article by a distinguished writer who devoted several years to cloak-and-dagger work at a high level of responsibility and authority. "I owe it to my conscience," Sir Compton wrote, "to declare that the effect of Intelligence work on international understanding is perhaps the greatest threat facing peace today."

The Next Best Thing

The West Virginia returns will be exhaustively analyzed and interpreted, down to the last ward and precinct. But in the end, we suspect, the meaning will be inconclusive not merely in the sense that the vote is not binding on the delegation, but because what it "proved" is not of critical importance. Senator Kennedy succeeded in knocking the weakest of his opponents out of the campaign; this much is clear. But the more one looks behind the scenes, the more equivocal his "triumph" becomes. For one thing, money flowed — and flowed — in West Virginia, where the word "election" has long been closely associated with the words "whisky" and "money." "There was a hell of a lot of vote-buying here," commented the editor of the Logan *Banner*, "the worst I've ever seen. . . . But it was among the local, not Presidential, candidates." This was disingenuous in the extreme. With an exceptionally long ballot — listed were delegates-at-large, candidates for the state legislature, numerous propositions and candidates for local office — "slating" was the order of the day. Money naturally went to the local ward, precinct or district leader — or the local candidates — who, in turn, arranged the slate. Apart from the fact that these slates were of great assistance, the Kennedy campaign had everything it needed that money can buy.

But no matter how much was spent — and any figures reported can be quadrupled — money was not the key factor in Senator Kennedy's victory. Money merely made it possible for him to exploit three factors that were decisive. By all accounts, the Kennedy organization is a thing of wonder and of beauty; there are no loose ends, every contingency has been provided for, there is careful planning and close supervision. But organization, no matter how efficient and well-heeled, could not have availed without a candidate. Kennedy projects an image that voters of all sorts, young and old, rich and poor, men and women, find immensely attractive. Oddly enough, *Nation* observers found that Senator Humphrey was a bit too "folksy" for the West Virginia folks: one person interviewed reported having heard a voter say of him, "That man has more solutions than there are problems." But there was still a third factor: possession of the one issue of great emotional appeal. For two weeks, Senator Kennedy kept insisting that any West Virginian who failed to vote for him solely because of his religion would be guilty of a grievous sin against the American creed.

What, then, did Senator Kennedy prove in West Virginia? He defeated an opponent who, for all his fine qualities, never had a chance of winning the nomination. And the race was between Kennedy and Humphrey and not, as Senator Kennedy tried to make it appear, between himself and Senators Humphrey, Johnson and Symington. Senator Kennedy also succeeded in proving what everyone already knew: that he is an excellent campaigner, that he has fashioned a formidable organization, and that money is always useful in political campaigns. He further proved that he could win a Democratic primary in a predominantly Protestant state and therefore, by inference, that religion is not a bar to his nomination. But Al Smith proved this in 1928. And while Senator Kennedy showed that "saturation" campaigns can be staged in a single state, he did not prove that he could, even with unlimited funds, conduct campaigns of this sort in fifty states between August 1 and the first Tuesday in November.

But in politics, the next best thing to a genuine triumph is the appearance of one. This, Senator Kennedy has achieved.

Bulldozers in Retreat

Conservation is so consistently a losing game in this country that the report of a victory for the side of things as they were is a reason for cheering. In the case of the recent reprieve for Walden Pond the cheering can be hearty, for the ruling handed down by the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court was stronger

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than even the champions of Walden had expected. The judges not only halted the Middlesex County Commissioners in their zealous efforts to turn Thoreau's pond into a community fun spot—all parking lots, scooped out beaches and bath houses—but ordered that changes made in the last four years be undone. Trees must be replaced, the grading restored and the whole sylvan atmosphere recaptured as nearly as possible in what is now a suburban section of Greater Boston.

This decision makes the commissioners look foolish; it is also likely to cost them a good deal of money (public money, to be sure, but they will have to square themselves somehow with the electorate). Thus, public servants elsewhere with a passion for bulldozers may be restrained from making "improvements" until the voices of protest have been satisfied.

We take a personal pleasure in the outcome of the Walden affair. Two years ago *The Nation* published "Walden on Trial" by Truman Nelson, an article which in reprint raised an appreciable part of the $12,000 war chest amassed by the Save Walden Committee that carried the issue to Massachusetts' supreme court.

Middletown, U. S. A.

Ever since Alphonse Daudet wrote "The Last Class," set pieces have been in order whenever a distinguished academician conducts his last class and retires. But instead of devoting a set piece to the occasion of Dr. Robert S. Lynd's final lecture at Columbia University on May 12 before his retirement, we would like to quote from Stuart Chase's review of *Middletown,* which appeared in *The Nation* of February 6, 1929:

> Our authors lived there for over a year, studying every phase of the town's life, with the same detachment and the same objective thoroughness that a good anthropologist devotes to the habits of natives in the New Hebrides. . . . Nothing like it has ever before been attempted; no such knowledge of how the average community works and plays has ever been packed between the covers of one book; and I warn you that hereafter nobody has any right to make more than the most casual generalizations about the culture levels of this republic, until he has first read and mastered his *Middletown.*

This is still a fair judgment, thirty years later, as Bob Lynd concludes his final seminar and settles down to the uninterrupted task of concluding the study of power on which he has been at work for so many years. Any list of the most widely discussed, reprinted and anthologized *Nation* articles of the last two decades would necessarily include: "Capitalism's Happy New Year," December 28, 1946; "Our 'Racket' Society," August 25, 1951; "Whose Wars?", December 27, 1952, and the review of *The Power Elite,* May 12, 1956—all by Robert S. Lynd, whose *Middletown* provided the emerging American social sciences with a model that has influenced the form and content of a legion of subsequent studies and whose *Knowledge for What?* provided a generation of American social scientists with a yardstick by which to measure their achievements.

OUR MISPLACED MISSILE BASES

CITIES INTO TARGETS . . *by James E. McDonald*

OVER $10 BILLION in defense funds is being committed to fixed-base ICBMs of the Atlas and Titan types. The sole reason for undertaking this costly program is to protect American lives. Yet the question arises as to whether the program is not more of a *threat* to Americans than a *protection* for them.

To appreciate the significance of our ICBM program, the following points must be noted:

1. The American policy of deterrence through the threat of massive retaliation requires that any enemy attempting a sneak attack must direct an overwhelming first blow at all accessible elements of our retaliatory machinery.

2. Whereas Strategic Air Command (SAC) bomber bases are now our main sources of retaliatory action, completion of the present Atlas-Titan base construction program will create twenty-seven additional retaliatory elements which an enemy must knock out.

3. Introduction of the ICBM into our arsenal of retaliation opened the possibility of decoupling all fixed continental targets from large population centers. But by locating ICBMs at SAC bases near large cities, as is now being done, this great opportunity is being lost.

4. Hardening of our ICBM launchers — i.e., putting them underground — and dispersing them in such a way as to increase the numbers of missiles an enemy must use to knock them out raises by a hundredfold the total megatonnage of enemy nuclear missiles that must be expected to rain down near any city where a nearby SAC base is used as support for surrounding Atlas or Titan sites.

5. When Atlas-Titan sites are put *upwind* of cities, as is true now in a number of cases, the urban populations will be unable to escape the *greatest killing agent* of enemy nuclear weapons — radioactive fallout.

During recent months, I have

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been gathering ICBM siting and related technical information from all available sources. The results are startling:

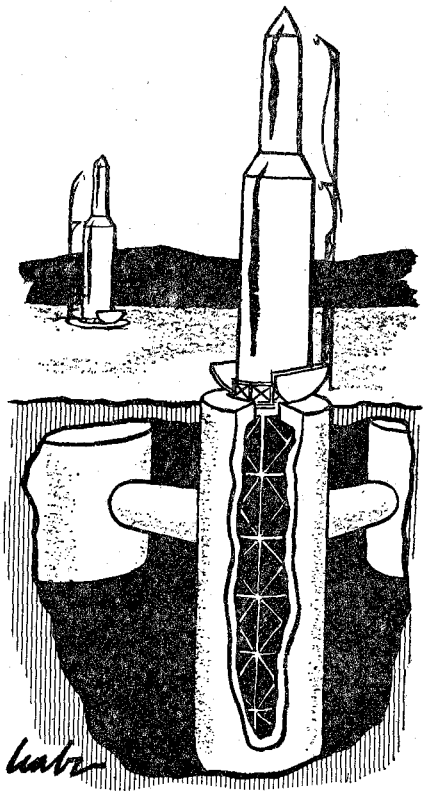
Spokane, Washington, is in the path of prevailing westerly winds. To safeguard Spokane's population from fallout in case of enemy attack on nine neighboring Atlas pads, all the pads should have been constructed east of the city. Instead, six lie on the dangerous *west* side of Spokane!

Cheyenne, Wyoming, is another almost unbelievable example of present siting policies. A total of twenty-four Atlas pads will ring Cheyenne when its large missile complex, based on Warren Air Force Base, is completed. The proper place, meteorologically, for *all* twenty-four was in the open plains to the east. Instead, the sites will so ring Cheyenne that lethal dosages during the first few hours after any attack are almost perfectly guaranteed for the city's civilians, regardless of wind directions.

Topeka, Kansas, is another hot spot. Its Forbes Air Force Base is getting a squadron of nine Atlas missiles — and five of them are being built on the dangerous *west* side of the city. Furthermore, the Topeka missile complex lies less than 100 miles upwind from the populous Kansas City area, creating a hazard for a million Americans.

Plattsburgh, N. Y., scheduled as an ICBM base, presumably will have hardened Atlas sites. Portland and Augusta, Me., will be seriously threatened by the presence of the Plattsburgh base; and even Boston, if the winds were northwest at the time of attack, might be threatened.

RECENTLY Tucson, Arizona, the city in which I and my family live, has been announced as a site for eighteen Titan missile-launchers. The Davis-Monthan Air Force Base will be used for support. Since one SAC B-47 wing was only recently removed from Davis-Monthan, the news of an $80 million construction project was greeted with elation by Tucsonans not familiar with the finer details of nuclear war. A local TV announcer may have put the matter rather more perceptively



Titan: Underground Pad

when he asked whether the news was "a blessing, or a disaster with fringe benefits."

It is relevant to examine certain details of the Tucson development. Air Force press releases indicated that here, as elsewhere, the Titans will be dispersed in a *ring* around the city. No hint was given, of course, of the tremendous threat of radioactive fallout that would result from enemy attack. Instead, the Air Force argued that since Tucson was already a prime enemy target due to the nearby SAC base, the Titan bases would create no additional danger. This assertion deserves attention.

ICBM accuracies recently attained by both the United States and Russia imply probable circular errors of only one to two miles, even at a 6,000-mile range. As a result of this great improvement in accuracy, only two or three half-megaton warheads of the type planned, say, for the forthcoming Minuteman ICBM could, in enemy hands, fully neutralize all aircraft on an SAC base that were not airborne at the time of attack. By contrast, the eighteen dispersed Titan silos announced for Tucson will draw something like 100 to 200 megatons of enemy fire. This great increase in megatonnage required to neutralize hardened ICBM bases was stressed by Gen. Thomas Powers, SAC Commander, in a recent New York speech.

How many Tucson citizens will appreciate that their community's target load will go up by a factor of the order of a hundred when the Titans are finally let down into their 160-foot-deep underground tubes? Not many, I fear. And apparently, in other communities similarly threatened, not one. But public ignorance scarcely justifies the failure of the Air Force to speak out forthrightly about the consequences of bringing in fixed-base ICBMs. How, for example, can the Air Force and other federal agencies now set about the urgent task of educating the Tucson citizens in the highly complex civil-defense problems created by the Titans? After all, the Air Force's public attitude all along has been that there is no new danger. The public-relations problem is a vexing one for the Air Force — and a source of grave peril to the citizen.

The Air Force has also been assuring communities getting ICBM bases that they need not worry about "practice firings" of the missiles. That this argument may be part of some kind of do-it-yourself kit for local Air Force public-relations men is more than vaguely suggested by a statement appearing in the January 11 issue of *Missiles and Rockets*:

> A major educational task . . . is that of convincing community leaders of the need for making their town a prime target for enemy attack. A telling argument, particularly in communities accustomed to aircraft noise and associated dangers: there will be no take-offs from the missile base except in anger.

Is this not somewhat like putting a pistol-shooting target near a group of playing children and then telling them and their parents that there is little need to worry since the target is made of non-flammable plastic?

IN OCTOBER last year, before the announcement came that our city was to be made a Titan base, I had protested publicly against the ICBM siting policies. Despite the fact that the fallout problem was explicitly the main point of my protest, the

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official Air Force reply — distributed by wire to cities all over the country near which ICBM bases are under construction — ignored the fallout question entirely. Why?

The Air Force reply to my October protest hinted at the great need to save money and time in the ICBM-base program. But the actual nature of the program makes these arguments doubtful. For instance, the announcement concerning Tucson stated that construction would begin in about twelve months, and that completion date would be about three years off; so to argue urgency is less than convincing. And why were ICBM bases being put near SAC air bases? The complex launching silos with their cryogenic plants, power plants and elaborate air-conditioned underground control centers have to be built up from scratch, and hence can make little use of SAC facilities. Moreover, a squadron of nine ICBMs is manned by only 500-600 airmen, so personnel-housing burdens are so light that numerous small non-SAC airbases in sparsely populated parts of the West would have served quite well for support. Since missiles just sit and wait for the next war, with no test flights to wear down countless components, remote base areas would pose no insuperable logistic headaches. But even if millions of dollars were saved by using SAC fields as support bases, the savings should be weighed *publicly* against the risk to the human lives involved. Where have these considerations been clearly pointed out by the Air Force?

MANY PERSONS hint at political pressure as the probable explanation for the base locations. It seems likely that pressure — originating with local business interests — has frequently been applied. But it remains an inescapable responsibility of technically informed Air Force representatives to point out to a Congressman that putting an ICBM complex in his district could spell doom for his constituents in event of attack. Where is the evidence that such clarification has ever been provided by the Air Force? Finally, let's assume that the Air Force has explained the extreme dangers involved, and yet has to bow to some Congressman's pressure. It then remains Air Force duty to place the actual launchers where they will do the least harm to civilian survival chances in the face of fallout hazards. Yet almost the opposite seems to be the case. As one of my colleagues put it, the civilian would have come out better if the sites had been determined by picking names out of a hat.

There have appeared vague allusions to the complex problem of selecting sites in terms of soil and terrain requirements. Again the facts argue otherwise. ICBM sites are now being built on solid rock, in deep soil, in dry ground, and in relatively wet soil. An engineer has pointed out to me that when holes have to be dug in solid rock, the excavation costs are high but shoring and concrete-pouring are simple and cheap. On the other hand, when the sites go into deep soil or sand, excavation is cheap, whereas shoring and pouring then run high. The final cost, he noted, runs about the same either way.

EXPERIENCE IN Tucson shows that many laymen feel that there is no point in questioning the placing of ICBM sites near large cities: "We'll all be gone in a minute, anyway, if the U.S. is ever attacked." The prevalence of this notion is simply another measure of the public's ignorance concerning nuclear war. First of all, as Bertrand Russell noted, instant death will be only for the fortunate few. More important, the kind of nuclear war for which these ICBMs are being built may well involve only (or at least chiefly) attacks on the retaliatory machinery itself, and scarcely at all any metropolitan and industrial areas *that are not in the neighborhood of these special targets*. So survival prospects for populations near ICBM bases are quite definitely being reduced by the siting policies in use. And if, by any chance, the Air Force is predicating its siting policies on the assumption that all Americans have written off hope of survival in event of attack, this should be made known publicly. The resulting debate would be interesting.

Persons concerned by the problem of ICBM-base locations will do well to watch the unfolding of a protest movement currently gathering momentum in Tucson. The protest will do no more than ask that the Titans be located well to the *east* of the city. No similar request, to the writer's knowledge, has been made by any other community. Through petitions, talks to civic groups in Tucson and other ways, an attempt will be made to arouse public concern over a problem which the Air Force has not even hinted at in announcing its intent to place two squadrons of Titans in a twenty-mile radius ring around the city. If the protest is unsuccessful, national pressure for action to change the Air Force siting policies will become indispensable. If it is successful, other communities already ringed by ICBMs will wish to ask some pointed questions.

Indeed, considering the time involved in the preparation of these zeroed-in Atlas and Titan bases, it should be asked at Congressional levels why any more such bases should even be started. The Air Force states that the Tucson complex, for example, will not be finished for about three years. The submarine-launched Polaris, the Hound Dog and Skybolt air-launched ballistic missiles, as well as the Minuteman, will all be operational sooner than, or as soon as, the Atlas-Titan bases. The intrinsically high vulnerability of fixed-base ICBMs will make them long-lingering danger spots, sites which an enemy must always try to knock out if he tries to attack our country. The more of these we still have buried around the country after the build-up of our mobile retaliatory force by about 1963-64, the worse off will be our unprotected civilian population.

Clearly, Congress should explore further the logic of all these points. And it should do so immediately, lest hundreds of millions of defense dollars be spent on bull's-eyes — magnetic bull's-eyes drawing heavy enemy fire to those populous areas in which Air Force site-selection groups are now putting our fixed-base ICBMs for reasons that are difficult to understand.

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HOW MANY MORE CHESSMANS? . . . by Stuart Palmer

CRIMINALS are in great part the products of their interactions with other people. We make them as they make us. We and they are bound together; and in terms of the values we profess, we and they fail together. When we kill them, we slip down the slope of values we claim we hold dear. The executed are our scapegoats and by their deaths we admit failure in our proudly proclaimed ascent to love.

Chessman is a symbol of that failure. And he is a symbol of our ambivalence toward what we say we want. We say we want love for our fellow men. We say we want human decency, kindness. But it is only part of us that wants those. The other part wants a target for aggression. Chessman was such a target.

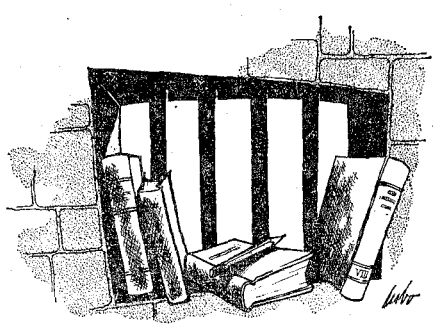
Chessman was the focal point for men's battles with their consciences. His case brought into the open guilt about the use of capital punishment. Men showed identification with him and they also vented aggression upon him. The worst and the best in human beings—as that worst and best are defined by those human beings—were thrown into momentary focus by the fast-closing gap between Chessman and death.

Chessman was born in frustration; his was a difficult birth. Then came bronchial asthma. Encephalitis and consequent loss of tonal sense followed. Due to an accident, his mother was paralyzed from the waist down. At fifteen, Chessman contracted diphtheria. His father attempted suicide twice. Out of this and countless personal interactions was developing an anti-social adolescent who would become a mature criminal, easily recognizable because of the curiously soggy yet hawk-like face.

At the same time, in the society where Chessman was maturing, there was the ongoing development of conflicting values. Values in favor of equality and of inequality sat side by side. Values for broad-scale honesty thrived beside values for the "go-getter's" sharp practice. Values advocating kindness to one's fellow men left room for values advocating punishment as revenge.

The frustration due to this conflict in values was one important influence behind the widespread need for specific individuals upon whom aggression could be thrust in socially acceptable fashion. In the years from 1930 to 1960, almost 4,000 of these scapegoats were by law hanged, electrocuted, shot, gassed.

Ambivalence over these executions could be glimpsed as it flared occasionally (and usually feebly) from a background of routine behavior.



Sporadic reaction to the Sacco and Vanzetti case, to the Hauptmann affair, and to the Rosenbergs' trial epitomized this coexistence of feelings pro and con the death penalty.

With the last months of the Chessman ordeal, these threads of value-conflict and ambivalence were drawn together beneath the fuzzy microscope of public attention with new vigor. And at times the filter of reason was in adjustment and focus fleetingly prevailed. Men then saw, perhaps more clearly than before, contradictions in the societal approach to the problem of serious crime.

HERE IN Chessman was a man who had committed a terrible array of crimes, been sentenced to death, and then pulled himself not only to world attention but to positive achievement as well. Sitting in his cell, his brain controlling the emotions that had driven his crimes, he learned law well, pleaded his case in the courts of the land. And he wrote three books—good books.

He concluded *Cell 2455, Death Row* in this way:

> I feel impelled to add that the book has been written for one purpose only — because its author is both haunted and angered by the knowledge that his society needlessly persists in confounding itself in dealing with the monstrous twin problems of what to do about crime and what to do with criminals. Pled, consequently, in the cause of the criminally damned and doomed. It's time their voice was heard. And understood.

Probably Chessman had more than that one stated purpose. However, there was the nagging feeling in one member of society here, in another there, that perhaps this man was not simply pleading his own case. It might be that he had crossed at times the little-traveled bridge from personal concern to social conscience.

MEN, AND women too, identified with him. Achievement under adversity stirred them as it had stirred human beings of all centuries. Not only was there the unspoken, "There but for the grace of God go I"; occasionally the half-formed thought, "Could I but accomplish that which he has," vaguely posed a question in the mind.

Small battles of conscience took place within one human organism, within another. A woman said, "I hate him but I've got to admire him. He ought to be executed for what he did. But I don't know, is it right to kill him when he's so able, when he could do so much?"

Some wondered dimly, but wondered nevertheless, what were the motivations for their points of view? Why really did they think Chessman should be removed from their society? Why really did they think he should be kept among the living? Usually no answers arose with clarity, but at least the questions had been asked and some attention given.

Others voiced loud, inflexible opinions for or against society's formal answer of execution to the prob-

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PELLET OF NIHILISM . . *by Terry Southern*

Hardly anything can equal the cynicism which could reprieve Chessman two months ago for political reasons but allow him to die when those reasons no longer exist.

THE SYDNEY SUN (Australia)

AS INCISIVE an indictment as the above may be, it still seems mercifully wide of the mark. Surely it is inaccurate to describe this as a case of *cynicism*. Cynicism is an attitude which always carries with it an awareness of certain values which *oppose* this attitude; an act of cynicism, then, is one in defiance of these values for the sake of the specific motivation; it is an act, in short, which is *consciously immoral*—though which, like Hiroshima, may be rationalized as being "the lesser of evils." What *The Sydney Sun* is describing, however, is *nihilism*, or the complete absence of values. Here was an act in which apparently there were no values or emotions in play other than a kind of crippling inter-departmental spite; it is as if all the people working at Con Edison had been born blind, and so were not particularly interested in whether the lights of the city are on or off.

That is hardly cynicism. A man is a cynic who sells adulterated vaccines in order to support several mistresses; he is aware of the moral gamble; a choice is involved, and a value judgement has been made. An act of cynicism, because it is *immoral* rather than *amoral*, still carries the seeds of its own salvation; no matter how despicable, it is still the act of a *man*. The execution of Chessman, however, was an act of insect-mentality, carried out in a moral vacuum; it seemed to lack even the possible medieval dignity of vengeance or the possible sick strength of sadism; in terms of cultural tragedy, it felt like the last twist of the knife.

To kill in passion, whether through rage, fear, or madness, is still in the realm of human affairs; but to kill in sheer indifference, as though there were *nothing better to do*—as though, after eleven years of torment and privation there were still nothing better or worse to do to a man than to idly kill him—this is beyond the pale. What we must think about now is: where do we go from here?

TERRY SOUTHERN's latest novel is The Magic Christian *(Random House, 1960), a satire on American society.*

lem of its Chessmans. Frequently this rigid opinion had been held for most of a lifetime. Frequently it had been held for no more than the time that had elapsed since the given conversation began. But loud, inflexible and endowed with certainty it always was.

At the center of all this was the proud, intelligent, aggressive, controlled Chessman, enjoying renown and yet not without fundamental concern for problems of the human condition. He was a man who, at this stage in his life, was basically not so different from some of those who judged him. While more intelligent than most, he shared with them the characteristic of inner paradox.

Chessman was a focal point for the thoughts of varied individuals of societies around the globe as well as of his own United States. Spokesmen for nations large and small voiced negative criticism of us. In this, there was something more than sheer concern for the problem at hand. At the intersocietal level, the United States itself could be used as a momentary target for the aggressions resulting from value conflict within those nations. And so at another rung on the ladder of human interaction, scapegoating found once again a position for perpetuation.

CHESSMAN'S days of life dwindled and there were those of his countrymen who posed with renewed effort the question of cruel and unusual punishment as instanced by his long years of awaiting death. Others countered with the point of view that Chessman had volunteered for such punishment by appealing his case. Little conscious attention dwelled on the question of whether execution was not in itself a rather cruel, if not unusual, punishment irrespective of timing.

The ugly man moved with characteristic verbal articulation toward death. Although he remained a focal point, his countrymen in their own articulation gave scant notice to one possibility for progress toward solution of the range of social problems. Scant notice attached to the possibility of behavioral science as a means to objective understanding of how cultural and social experiences can generate within individuals unconscious motivations which in turn may lead to seriously negative deviant behavior. With this understanding and consequent making conscious of the unconscious might come the means for rational control of behavior. But the behavioral-science approach threatens men's defenses with exposure. So the weight of fear closes the door on one avenue with high potential for solution.

The final date for execution was at hand. Chessman was asked how he felt and replied. But if he felt an infinity of loneliness he did not so state. In any event, few of us were able to feel the situation from his point of view.

Telephones for news reporters were attached to poles outside the prison. The gas rose. A radio announcer gave the time to the exact second, spoke somewhat ramblingly of the case, apologized for the necessity to get on with the music, and the notes of a song named *High Hopes* sailed across the airwaves.

In the end, the weight of societal tradition had prevailed. But questioning of that tradition had been accelerated for a brief period. Now, with the body soon to be out of sight, the focal point began to lose its tangibility. Several hours after the execution, a few students on one university campus demonstrated against capital punishment. But there was little swelling of the ranks and enthusiasm dwindled rapidly. Here was a forerunner of the highly probable dissipation of interest in Chessman as a symbol.

Yet some who persisted in retaining their grasp on this symbol of the human dilemma might at some future time bluntly ask, "How many more Chessmans do we need?"

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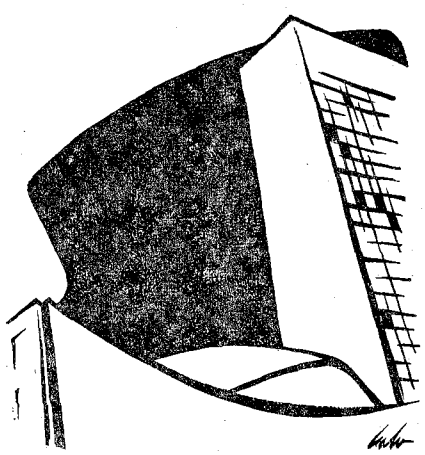
U. N.—Africa Shifts the Balance . . *by Jane Stolle*

United Nations

AFRICA'S "independence explosion" will continue to have repercussions in the U.N. for some time to come. By the end of this year, four new African members will be admitted: Togo (which has just won formal independence), Somalia, Cameroon and Nigeria. British Tanganyika and the Belgian Congo have been promised independence. Mali (Senegal plus the Sudanese Republic) and the Malagasy Republic (Madagascar) may soon make a break with France to follow Guinea's example into complete autonomy, and in their wake may follow other restive members of the French Community in Africa. "The wind of change" that Prime Minister Macmillan said is "blowing through the continent" will some day sweep Sierra Leone, Kenya and the Central African Federation out of the British Colonial Office into the U.N. Also in the path of the wind are Portuguese Angola, Mozambique and Guinea.

By 1970, the African continent may swell the ranks of the U.N. to a hundred members. The effect of the addition of twenty names to the Assembly roll call is preoccupying everyone here from Secretary General Hammarskjold to the guards who hoist the flags outside the Secretariat building. Sharing the concern are the U.N. delegations — and particularly that of the United States. Will the new members vote with the anti-Western bloc? How will the colonial powers adjust to the situation? Will Latin America decide that its place is with the "have-nots" and abandon its heretofore dominant ties with the West? What will the development mean to the U.N. itself?

Some Western statesmen here find the answers disheartening. They predict that the new members will join the anti-colonial Afro-Asian bloc, which together with the nine-nation Soviet group will then constitute an indisputable majority. They foresee the fragmentation of the Latin American bloc into "neutralists" and Afro-Asian partisans. All of this, they say, will work to the advantage of the Soviet Union. The effect will be seen not only in the voting on specific issues, but in the diminishing prestige of the U.N. For they believe that the Western powers — particularly the United States — will lose faith in the organization once they are in a minority position, and tend more and more to negotiate outside that body. The U.N. will become increasingly what its detractors are already calling it: a glorified "soap box."



THE pessimists see no escape from this dark future. History, in their interpretation, has betrayed the U.N. The organization's Founding Fathers acted on the erroneous assumption that the post-World War II world, fundamentally, would remain the same Western-oriented world of the League of Nations. Even though the USSR was already recognized as a great and growing power in 1945, and stirrings were evident in Asia and Africa, the statesmen who gathered in San Francisco could not have foreseen the profundity of the East-West cleavage, nor how quickly Western colonialism was to come to an end. Moreover, the pessimists point out, the headlong rush of colonies toward independence before they are economically viable and politically mature makes for unstable governments that are ripe for Communist exploitation.

But the Cassandras who are thinking this way are in a minority here. The following is a consensus of the more optimistic thinking that is going on, both in the Secretariat and among many delegations, Western included.

It is admitted that the new members will gravitate toward the anti-colonial bloc, where they will find natural allies who share a common background of struggle — first for independence, then for social and economic evolution. But this prospect, say the optimists, is not necessarily a frightening one.

For one thing, the death of colonialism must ultimately mean the death of anti-colonialism as a uniting force. Regional problems are already arising to disturb the ties which formerly bound together the victims of imperialism, colonial type. Despite much Pan-African talk, Africa today is far from united. Publicly, Ghana holds hands with Guinea, but in private Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah and Guinea's Sekou Touré wrangle over their respective roles in the political and economic future of the continent. On October 1 Nigeria, seven times the size of neighboring Ghana, and with a population more than seven times greater, will become independent — another huge X to be added to the power equation. The entrance of Kenya's dynamic Tom Mboya and Tanganyika's ambitious Julius Nyerere into the power arena, when their countries become independent, will put additional strains upon friendships formed in the camaraderie of the struggle for independence. The United Arab Republic's tentative offers of Moslem Pan-Nasserism has little attraction for Black Africa.

As for Asia, dominated by the specter of a Communist China, there is a strong probability that it will evolve into a neutralism independent of East and West on the one hand, and of Africa on the other.

In fine, many U.N. experts foresee that the Afro-Asian bloc will gradually break up into new formations based on changing political and economic conditions.

Without doubt, an enlarged Af-

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rican contingent in the U.N. will increase the fragmentation already apparent in the twenty-nation Latin American bloc. True, on issues vital to the West and to the United States especially, Latin American support is generally forthcoming (though often reluctantly). On other issues, the West has long since lost assurance of this support. Though Latin American delegates sometimes put themselves in an "economically underdeveloped" category in discussions here, they are really in an intermediate stage between underdeveloped and industrialized, and their votes often reflect the degree of their domestic evolution. Fiercely proud of their own hard-won independence, they are wary of pressures that smack of the "big stick." And their own history leads them into fervent support of every African drive toward independence, and of every proposal to assist new countries striving for social and economic progress. This has put them into frequent opposition both to the European colonial powers and their NATO partner, the United States.

In the Fourteenth General Assembly, increased Latin American defections from the United States camp were largely on resolutions dealing with Africa's future. In 1958, Cuba voted fifty-four times with the United States, thirty-seven times against, abstained twelve times; last fall, the total was: thirteen times with the United States, thirty-seven against, twenty-seven abstentions. Cuba's increased defections were not surprising, coinciding as they did with Castro's emergence. But in the same session of the U.N., Cuba was joined by Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Honduras and Panama in voting less often with the United States than in the preceding session.

Ghana's Nkrumah

Of course, the role of the USSR and its eight "captive" delegations as stentorian spokesmen for the colonial peoples will not soon be forgotten by the new members. With nothing to lose and a stake in Africa's future to gain, the Soviet Union has voted almost unswervingly with the Afro-Asian bloc against the colonial powers. Up to a point, the Kremlin can expect to reap a harvest of gratitude from the U.N.'s new African members.

THE USE of voting records as the only criteria for judging a country's policy is, of course, somewhat perilous. There is often much more behind an "aye" or a "nay" than meets the eye. Domestic policies play an enormous and often ambiguous role in international decisions. Log-rolling is not unknown; the promise of a dam or a new loan has been known to change a "no" to an abstention, at the very least. Mr. Hammarskjold noted in his "Introduction to the Annual Report of the Secretary General on the Work of the Organization" (June 16, 1958-June 15, 1959):

> . . . Whatever legal standing the Charter may provide for the results of the votes, the significance of these results requires further analysis before a political evaluation is possible. This observation applies to the composition of majorities and minorities as well as to the substance of resolutions. These resolutions often reflect only part of what has, in fact, emerged from the deliberations and what, therefore, is likely to remain as an active element in future developments.

Nevertheless, if the public image cast by the U.N. is to be assessed at all, it must be when the countries stand up and are counted. On that basis, the USSR gained an advantage over the United States during Africa's period of political evolution by voting unswervingly on the side of the Africans.

But the Western optimists do not find this shifting balance of voting power to be a threat either to the U.N. or to the United States, the largest contributor and indispensable supporter of the world body. To the contrary, they are convinced that the larger U.N. will be stronger because it will more truly reflect the political realities of the postwar world. There are still great gaps in U.N. membership (Communist China, Germany, Korea and Vietnam), but millions more people now have a direct voice in the world body than in 1945, and U.N. prestige has gained, not lost, by these additions. As for a threat to the United States, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge told the Tenth Annual Conference of National Organizations recently:

> As we look ahead it seems certain that the United Nations will remain what diplomats call a "power fact," with which countries have to cope whether they like it or not. There is certainly no reason to fear its growth. For us it is a priceless asset and an unceasing opportunity. . . . Our foreign policy must have more than physical strength, vital though it is. It must also have great and magnanimous purposes, and it must find ways to express those purposes so that the peoples of the world will understand and welcome them. Economic cooperation through the United Nations is, pre-eminently, such a way. Indeed, it can be one of the indispensable ingredients of peace on earth.

The key word in Mr. Lodge's statement is "economic," and his statement not only foreshadows a shift in U.S. policy toward the U.N., but reflects the increasing weight that economic issues have already begun to assume in the U.N. itself. The change is not surprising. Three-fourths of the world's peoples who now live in poverty are determined to better their condition, and most of them are, or soon will be, represented in the world body, and it is natural that they should turn to it for help.

The U.N. Secretariat is already setting the stage for this changing role. The Secretary General's swing through Africa this past winter con-

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vinced him — if he needed convincing — that the steady and peaceful evolution of Africa from colonial status into viable, stable entities is imperative for the maintenance of international peace and security — the primary responsibility of the U.N. Again and again, Hammarskjold heard pleas in Africa for assistance — with no political strings attached. "We do not want to exchange our old bosses for new," African leaders told him. "Give us men to help us build up our educational systems, our communications, our industries. Give us financial assistance." Little enough can be done immediately. The U.N. has no capital-development fund and its excellent technical-assistance program is limited by lack of money. But the groundwork is being laid now for greatly expanded facilities with which to meet the needs of the new, struggling nations.

ALREADY U.N. expenditures for Africa have risen from $1,800,000 in 1952 to $5,000,000 this year; the budget for next year will be still higher. The U.N. Special Fund, which concentrates on resource surveys and development programs leading to profitable private investment, will pay greater attention to African needs. OPEX, the U.N. program which provides experts to fill executive positions until local personnel has been trained, will be expanded. Secretary Hammarskjold will ask the General Assembly for a "crash fund," which he will administer himself, to aid countries such as Laos, whose tottering economic and political structure may endanger peace in a potentially explosive area.

These are small steps, perhaps, but they are preparing the way for the giant stride that the West, with the United States in the lead, must inevitably take if Africa's problems are to be solved. This is recognition on the part of the industrialized Western nations that it is to their advantage to channel a large part of their assistance to underdeveloped countries through the U.N.; in other words, to back with banknotes the words of Ambassador Lodge.

Lodge is but one of a growing chorus of Americans calling for use of the U.N. in massive aid programs. Mason Sears, United States delegate to the U.N. Trusteeship Council, who returned recently from his ninth visit to the African continent, urged —as he has often done in the past— that increased U.S. economic aid to Africa be channeled through the U.N. Paul Hoffman, Managing Director of the U.N. Special Fund, does so eloquently in his booklet, *One Hundred Countries — One and One-quarter Billion People* [see "The Hoffman Plan," by Jane Stolle, *The Nation*, March 26]. Presidential candidates give lip service, at least, to the idea. Slowly, traditional U.S. objections to multilateral aid are breaking down. No, the USSR would not be "spending our money for us," forcing aid to go where we don't want it to go. Any aid administered by the Special Fund, for instance, must go through the hands of an eighteen-nation Governing Council — and seventeen of these nations are "friendly" to the United States. The USSR, though vociferous in supporting the underdeveloped countries' plea for a U.N. capital development fund, now puts up only a thirtieth of what the United States contributes to the U.N. Technical Assistance Program. The Kremlin says it will open its purse further only when disarmament is achieved. But faced with a full-scale multilateral-aid program, the Soviet Union will have to put up more, or shut up. Facts and figures flood daily from the U.N.; the underdeveloped countries will not be unaware of the original sources of multilateral aid — given without political strings and in a manner favoring no particular donor.

ECONOMIC aid must be accompanied by what Secretary Hammarskjold calls "moral support"—support for the principle of self-determination, for social advancement, for racial equality. The underdeveloped countries are tired not only of being hungry, but of being treated like poor relations. Optimists at the U.N. see a healthy change coming over the world body in this respect, particularly on the part of the United States. Until recently, U.S. policy toward Africa in the U.N. was one of complete loyalty to the European

Guinea's Touré

colonial powers. In a basic statement of the American position as of November, 1953, Assistant Secretary of State Byroade pleaded for frankness

> . . . in recognizing our stake in the strength and stability of certain European nations . . . which will probably represent, for many years to come, the major source of free-world defensive power outside our own. We cannot blindly disregard their side of the colonial question without injury to our own security.

But now that the Republic of Togo will be speaking with her own voice, instead of through the Quai d'Orsay, and Ghana and Guinea and Somalia have found their tongues, American ears are proving more sympathetic to their cause.

THE most important breakthrough in our attitude was on the question of apartheid in the Union of South Africa. Until March, 1959, we had maintained that the problem of racial segregation in that country was a "domestic" matter, and had voted— along with the United Kingdom— against a resolution opposing it. To the great satisfaction of the Afro-Asian group, we finally reversed our position, going so far as to work actively in the Security Council last April for an Ecuador-sponsored reso-

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lution which "deplored" the outbreaks near Capetown and Johannesburg and requested the Secretary General to "make arrangements" to provide that the U.N. Charter be upheld. The vote was 9-0, with Britain and France abstaining. On another resolution, urging the holding of *pourparlers* with a view to arriving at a peaceful solution of the Algerian war on the basis of the right of self-determination, the United States abstained. But the Afro-Asian bloc considered this a victory for their side, inasmuch as in the past the United States had stood with France in opposition to the same resolution.

So, the optimists feel, the United States is at last getting "on top of the story." And since the story of the next decade in the U.N. will be the effect of the underdeveloped world on that organization, the U.S. position—the position of the so-called leader of the free world—is all-important. Both the United States and the U.N. still have a long way to go. But a United Nations more soundly based on political realities than it was in 1945 will be better equipped to handle the questions that come before it—whether they have to do with peace or with prosperity.

ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

NEW MAN on the CAMPUS . . *by Warren S. Smith*

HISTORICALLY the arts have generally been welcome in the academic community, but usually either as guests or as specimens. The arts could be entertained or studied there, but it was not assumed that the university was to provide a home for the artist himself: hence, "art historian" as opposed to "artist"; "drama" as opposed to "theatre"; "musicology" as opposed to "music." These lines are too fine, and many a university theorist (like Lessing) has crossed over. Nevertheless, I think it is a fair historical statement that the scholarly community has been officially interested in the arts only *after the fact*. In 1921, poet-playwright Percy MacKaye was noting that "the universities . . . still concern themselves almost wholly with the exposition or historical criticism of literature, poetry, drama, painting, sculpture," and inquired: "If it be worth while for a university to provide opportunity to study a living author's work, may it not be equally worth while to provide opportunity for the author to create it?"

MacKaye was himself the first of a series of resident artists, the recipient of one of the Fellowships in Creative Art initiated by President R. M. Hughes of Miami University (Oxford, Ohio). Hughes, a visionary, had proposed the previous year at the National Association of State Universities the establishing of such fellowships at, perhaps, a hundred institutions in America, with each Fellow's sole obligation simply to live in the academic community and create works in his own field.

Both Miami and nearby Western College have been faithful to this tradition in their fashion. The novelist, Walter Havighurst, is the latest of Percy MacKaye's successors and has supplied further commentary in *The Miami Years* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1958). Miami also supports a composer in residence (Edward Gould Meade) who is "exempt from the system." But the "research professorship" which Mr. Havighurst now holds, like most such arrangements, as we shall see, falls somewhat short of Hughes's ideal in that it requires part-time teaching.

NEITHER did the hundred fellowships in themselves materialize, but the general change in the artistic atmosphere of the American campus would have been unimaginable in 1920, as a survey I have just made for *The Nation* clearly indicates. The change is not complete, but it has advanced beyond any turning back, and the process of it has taken on distinctive American characteristics, wholly unassociated with Old World precedents.

Responses to my questionnaire indicate that the transformation is more or less general across the nation, giving evidence, at long last, of the hoped-for decentralization and dissemination of the arts throughout the land, whereas a mere two or three decades ago the arts were largely bound to the theatres, opera houses, museums and private collections of the big cities, principally the older cities of the East Coast. Significant portions of the American artistic product can now be seen and heard on dozens of campuses that hardly follow any geographical pattern.

The "road," which theatrical producers had almost completely lost in the early 30s as an aftermath of the introduction of sound movies, is in process of being reborn in a new form via university campuses, more and more of which boast physical facilities far beyond the physical and economical reach of New York's antiquated theatre section. There are not yet enough superior facilities to make genuine touring of elaborate productions feasible, but the time is obviously coming. In the meantime, solo performers and touring companies of modest scenic investiture are finding the campus circuit profitable. Sir John Gielgud, as a case in point, perfected his *Ages of Man* performances on this route. The eminent director, Tyrone Guthrie, has even expressed some desire to settle down away from the professional theatre centers, and the two university towns of Minneapolis and Ann Arbor are currently vying for the privilege of accommodating him.

The kind of arts center which

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seemed so revolutionary at the State University of Iowa in the thirties has ceased to be a surprising phenomenon. Even the Ivy League, traditionally distrustful of the arts as non-intellectual, is yielding. Yale's School of Drama has always been regarded as a special case, but artists in residence have become part of the regular pattern of Princeton, which has had a creative arts program, under a Carnegie grant, since 1939; and composer Roger Sessions, though not regarded as an artist in residence, occupies an endowed professional chair there. Now Harvard plans a new visual arts center to be designed by Le Corbusier.

There are at least thirty-five academic departments in the United States which refer to their creative artists, either frankly or euphemistically, as artists in residence, resident artists, resident playwrights, etc., and a good many state approval of the idea and have plans for the future.

IN EVERY case it is difficult to judge how much of the creative output is underwritten consciously by the university and how much is a voluntary addition to the teaching faculty's work-load. Most difficult of all to assess at a distance is that of creative writing — although it is probable that colleges and universities have more traffic with creative writers than with any other type of creative artist. The writer's primary tool is language, and he is more likely to be part scholar. Or, where creativity is not popular with the administration, it is easier to *pretend* a writer is part scholar, and so conceal him in the mass of scholars where he doesn't show! This expedient, one gathers, becomes less and less necessary. William Faulkner, at the University of Virginia, is certainly the most eminent resident novelist. But the University of Michigan (to cite only a single example) has had a series of creative writers in residence since the twenties, usually for a single semester each, and including such names as Robert Frost, Katherine Anne Porter, Elmer Rice and (currently being invited) Lillian Hellman.

Even in the non-literary arts, the term "artist in residence" has limited significance. The work done by practicing faculty members is of increasingly high caliber, often as high as could be expected from an artist employed specifically to be "in residence." The total number of resident artists, therefore, even if it were known, would in no way indicate the extent to which the arts are really *resident* in the American university scene in the sense that practicing artists have in some measure found their home there. Certainly there are dozens, probably hundreds, of competent creative artists in the university faculties for every one

who receives support nominally for being "in residence." Raymond J. Eastwood, Chairman of the School of Fine Arts at the University of Kansas, feels that a much more important factor than the resident artist, at least in the trans-Mississippi area, is "the professional school, attached to a state university and staffed, primarily, with professional artists."

On the other hand, a title such as "artist in residence" does indicate a frank commitment on the part of the institution, often with pride (sometimes, we may suspect, even with snobbery), to support an artist for the sake of what he produces. This is true even though the resident artist may, as it turns out, teach, say, half time, and so have no more real subsidy than many a practicing faculty member. The decision to engage an artist in residence must be considered, then, a qualitative rather than quantitative commitment on the part of a university to the support of an artist *as such*.

Where the term "artist in residence" is specifically *not* used, two quite divergent points of view present themselves. The one is an assumption that the university administration would be unwilling to accept publicly the responsibility of supporting the artist unless he could be employed ostensibly as a teacher — in which case his creative talents would also be welcome. The other (with a suppressed injured outcry) would have us know that the university has advanced *beyond* the artist-in-residence concept to the point where all staff members are employed primarily on the basis of their creative output and it would be unfair to give a special label to any of them. Robert L. Iglehart, Chairman of the Department of Art at University of Michigan's College of Architecture and Design, explains: "I regard the artist-in-residence arrangement as a transitional one, associated with the period prior to real acceptance of art as a 'respectable' discipline. I regard all of our staff as artists in residence." He seems to voice the sentiments as well of the art departments at Ohio University, Indiana University, Kansas University, Tulane, University of Florida, and University of Texas; and the music schools of the University of Illinois and Oberlin College.

In all but a half-dozen cases where the "residence" label *is* given to the artist, he has achieved recognition, sometimes amounting to international fame, before his appointment, thus bringing a measure of prestige with him. Though the advantages of a "name" artist are obvious, one must admire the few departments which make a policy of providing publicized opportunities for limited periods to those who need it most. Stanford speech and drama department has both a "senior" and a "junior" artist, the latter being a promising unknown. The University of Virginia Art Department also has embarked on a program involving an unrecognized resident artist.

WHEN IT comes down to the actual situation, almost all the artists, to earn their salt, are expected to give some service in addition to their creative contributions to society. Only a bare sprinkling of them are completely free to reside and create: University of Virginia; Miami Uni-

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versity of Oxford, Ohio; Indiana University; Stanford; Dartmouth. Most of the others are considerably more free to work on their own than are their conventionally employed colleagues.

Most of them teach — some at their own request. Classes are usually, though not always, graduate or upper-level. A series of public lectures, demonstrations, concerts, or recitals is often expected. Performing musicians usually give some private lessons. Almost all are available for consultation by advanced students. A few even serve on faculty committees.

When these duties amount, as they do in nearly 50 per cent of the cases, to half a "normal load," one may properly suspect the title of "resident artist" of being a euphemism, for many a conventionally employed professor in the art areas can claim as much creative freedom as this. Nevertheless, most of these positions appear to be meaningful in the amount of opportunity they have given for unhampered work.

Within the academic framework the resident artists may be regarded as being well paid. Half of them are paid the salaries of at least full professors — in a couple of isolated cases substantially more. Surprisingly, and in my opinion, encouragingly, almost all resident artists are paid out of regular salary budgets. Here and there are an endowed chair (as at Princeton in music), a Rockefeller or Carnegie grant (University of Alaska), but by and large the new American subsidy of the artist is being paid for by the university itself, which means, in many cases, indirectly by the state. Budget pinches are therefore reflected in the program. At Stanford, since the university discontinued a special grant, artists in residence have been supported out of the theatre box office. The University of Arkansas has had to abandon its visiting-artist program altogether.

Most of the appointments are not of a permanent nature. Moreover the sentiment expressed by department heads is against regular tenure. An artist who "resides" too long is almost bound to provoke some jealousy from the regular staff; whereas a short-term association, especially with a "name" artist, often seems to be a real morale-builder—"a shot in the arm," as one educator put it. A full university term is the most common. At Princeton a tenure of from one to three years is established. Some stay only a semester or for an even briefer period. The University of Georgia has a long roster of eminent artists, each of whom has been engaged for only a week. At the University of Delaware a string quartet arrives every weekend and stays for Monday music appreciation classes. Boston University invites Broadway directors to direct an occasional play. These short-term visitors are naturally variants of the procedures already generalized.

EXCEPT FOR TENURE, the resident artist's terms of employment resemble the regular staff member's. Since his field of interest is highly specialized and his stay relatively brief, his participation in campus life outside his own area is likely to be merely polite. Within the department, however, the artist must be accessible to students. I gather from the tone of my respondents that this accessibility is perhaps the one requirement almost universally enforced.

Departmental comments point to other benefits of artist-in-residence programs: stimulation, prestige, exploitation via TV, rise of enrollment, attraction of better students, free concerts, status-relationships with those who supply the money — these are the expressed or implicit rewards of the investment, from little Langston University, which is currently basking in the presence of the poet laureate of Liberia, to the University of California at Berkeley, which is welcoming the renowned French motion picture director, Jean Renoir, as a "Regents Professor of English and Dramatic Art."

But there is one particularly disturbing problem resulting from the fusion of the artist into the academic community. I suppose there is hardly a graduate school in the country that has not by this time debated the problem of equating creative work with scholarly work in evaluating advanced academic degrees. Stephen C. Pepper (in the *College Art Journal*, Spring, 1952) states the case succinctly: "A Ph.D. is no indication of an artist's achievement, and it is far better not to give such a degree than to allow the impression to get around that it signifies something it cannot possibly mean." In a similar frame of mind, the Midwestern College Art Conference at its 23rd Annual Meeting last October resolved "that the M. F. A. be considered the terminal degree for teachers of studio courses" and that "the Ph.D. or other doctoral degrees are not appropriate ways of measuring success in creative fields." The resolution specifically requested that the academic degree should not influence appointments, promotions or tenure. The problem continues to be faced in different ways. At Vanderbilt University since early in the century it has been the policy to engage two creative writers on its English staff who, although they are regular professional appointments, are officially excused from the degree-race. Miss Clare Fontanini, sculptor and head of Art at Catholic University, asserts that equality of artists and scholars is the policy of her university; but if this is so in practice as well as "policy" it presents a rare exception.

THE DIFFICULTIES of the arts in finding a secure academic niche need not obscure the benefits of campus artists or their significance in terms of an emergent cultural pattern. It would be a mistake, I think, to assume that the artist himself receives merely an endowed period of time and freedom from the pressures of commercialization. There are other advantages. The vastly improved theatre facilities on many campuses have already been mentioned. Some institutions offer, as well, "the best existing recording equipment," and studio conditions and equipment that are close to ideal. There are trained (and increasingly mature) students to perform the play that is written; instrumentalists and trained voices to perform the musical composition. There are skilled directors, conductors, designers, technicians. There are handsome galleries to display the graphic and

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plastic pieces. Best of all there are increasingly intelligent and critical viewers and audiences, and the fellowship of professional colleagues. And the resident artist may be expected to recognize the well-oiled publicity lines that fan out from university departments of public relations!

A cautious word should be added about the supposed "freedom" that the artist has on a campus. Is it real or illusory? Certainly it is real in the sense that he may choose both styles and subject matter without regard to market-place values. But we have already noted that the artist invited to be resident has usually already achieved that much. Whether he would be, in every case, equally free from political or moralistic pressures is extremely doubtful. It is difficult to assemble evidence, except after-the-fact, on this problem. Few institutions, one can surmise, would harbor for long a poet or playwright who found cause to sing paeans to the glory of communism. Some might even glower at strong criticism. One can only conclude that the artist would have the same measure of freedom in these matters as the institution allows his colleagues on the faculty, and this has been shown to be a highly variable quality across the full spectrum of the American scene.

EVENTUALLY it may become clear that the most significant part of the revolution herein described is not the change in educational policy and practice, but the change in the status of the arts themselves. In our times the arts have come upon dismal days. Universally disseminated through mass media, all but the most esoteric expressions of the human spirit run headlong into the question: Will it sell goods?

Even in their past history, the arts have nearly always been stepchildren, either unwanted or spoiled. So now the lure of an independent and meaningful life on a university campus, with a measure of security and freedom, is not being regarded lightly. The stakes are high. And the American university is "type cast" as the rescuer that will scoop up the arts from the precipice of mass-exploitation and carry them off, at long last, to their lost home. We are conditioned, however, to treat all rescuers on white horses with appropriate skepticism, especially when the hero's credentials, as in this case, are not flawless.

In the process of becoming secure and respectable the arts may go sterile. They may become academic. They may become one more additional kind of snobbery for the "diploma elite." Within sheltered halls they may lose their contact with the everyday world and become effete.

But we are a romantic people, and we have really no choice but to take the chance. For the reward, if we win it, will be — we cannot say a *renaissance*, since the fusion we hope for has never yet been in civilization as we know it. We must say, then, not a *new birth*, but a *birth of something new*, which is far more exciting.

And After de Gaulle? . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

SO FRANCE'S "globe-trotting President" is back home once again after his triumphal tour of London, Ottawa, Washington, New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, Martinique, Guadaloupe, etc. And many Frenchmen are slightly puzzled by the warmth with which he was greeted in some of these places, especially Britain and the United States. Did not these "foreigners" look at their distinguished visitor somewhat differently from the way in which he is today regarded in France?

It would be wrong to suggest, of course, that de Gaulle's personal prestige and popularity have seriously declined here, or that a large part of French opinion does not continue to feel grateful to him for having averted, in 1958, the real danger of the Algiers military and Fascist putsch extending to France itself. No doubt, too, it is realized here that the Fifth Republic can claim a few solid, positive achievements: a healthier currency, a bigger international prestige (thanks to de Gaulle personally), a normalization of relations between France and the various parts of Black Africa now forming part of the "community"; the maintenance of a fairly high economic standard inside France. But these positive achievements are offset by a number of very troublesome problems, chief of which, needless to say, continues to be the Algerian war. In 1958 a large part of liberal opinion in France supported de Gaulle in the firm belief that he would, sooner or later, end this war. There were times when hopes ran high that the end was in sight; but each time the Army seems to have had the last word, and the end is no more in sight today than it was two years ago. Some Army leaders have even revived the fear that, with their "right of pursuit," they may extend the war to Tunisia. Meanwhile horrible things continue to happen in Algeria, not least among them the various "*camps d'hébergement*," in which 1,500,000 Algerian men, women and children are now "living"—often in quite appalling conditions. Recently even so pro-Government a paper as *France Soir* published some terrifying details on these camps.

In France itself, the President and the Government are armed with virtually unlimited special and emergency powers. It may be argued, of course, that these are not yet being abused; and yet, all kinds of disturbing "little" things are reported to be happening: stories of an "auxiliary" police force composed of Moslems alleged to be operating in the 13th district of Paris, complete with beatings-up and torture chambers to which Algerian "suspects" are dragged at night. Recently again a number of papers (notably *France-Observateur* and *L'Express*) were confiscated on dubious pretexts; a journalist, M. Arnaud, was arrested after publishing in a pro-Government paper (which was *not* confiscated) an account of a clandestine

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press conference given by a M. Jeanson, a pro-Algerian-rebel writer against whom a warrant had been issued; Arnaud was arrested for not reporting Jeanson to the police immediately. *Le Monde* reported the other day (without being contradicted) that a new press law is being seriously considered by the Government with a view to silencing criticism almost completely.

WHO IS ruling France? Last week, *Le Monde's* political editor, M. P. Viansson-Ponté, wrote a remarkable series of articles called "The Republic of Silence," in which he described how France is being ruled "from behind closed doors." While it is true, according to this account, that de Gaulle issues "general directives" on certain subjects such as Algeria (and these are not always obeyed), a constant squabble for supremacy is also going on. Thus the *Monde* writer draws special attention to the fact that there is serious rivalry between what is called "the Right Bank" (i.e. de Gaulle's secretariat at the Elysée Palace on the Right Bank of the Seine) and the various committees and technicians centered on the Premier's residence, the Hotel Matignon, on the Left Bank. M. Debré's personal loyalty to General de Gaulle is not questioned, but there appears to be a singular lack of co-ordination between the Elysée and many of the men surrounding the Premier.

Why all these strange goings-on? The answer seems to be that "the battle for the succession" has already begun. At a recent meeting of the U.N.R.—de Gaulle's party—the possibility of the President's sudden death—politically called "brutal disappearance"—was openly discussed; and in the industrial weekly *Entreprise*, M. Albin Chalandon, one of the party's leading lights, bluntly wrote that things would be greatly simplified if de Gaulle frankly stated whom he considered his most suitable successor! And already the tongues are wagging, and it is suggested that, under a Constitutional revision, the creation of a Vice President should be seriously considered.

Thus behind the scenes the battle for the succession is already being fought. There seems very little doubt that the real battle will ultimately take the form of a clash between two major right-wing forces: the powerful technocracy now grouped round U.N.R. leaders like Debré, Chalandon, Chaban-Delmas and other "moderate Gaullists" and, on the other hand, a large part of the "classical" Right—probably including M. Pinay—and allied with the "ultras" of Algiers and Paris, including men like Soustelle and Bidault. And again the No. 1 question will be which of these two forces will enjoy the fullest support of the Army and the police.

And what about the French Left—has it no chance? Here the time factor is of supreme importance. If de Gaulle were to disappear soon, nothing could stop one of the forces of the Right taking over; if, on the other hand, the Fifth Republic lasts long enough to create a sharp mass movement in favor of a return to a more "normal" type of democracy, then the Left might be given a chance to return to power. Yet even then a solid Left would be scarcely conceivable unless a *modus vivendi* were reached between the Communist and the non-Communist Left.

DOES NIXON PLAY the GAME? . . *by Joel Feinberg*

IF A MAN in private life is accused of lying, cheating, breaking promises or ruthlessly seeking to destroy the reputation of innocent men, he is expected to reply in one of four ways. He might deny the facts ("I was misquoted"; "I could not have done that, for I was in Europe at the time"); or he might admit his guilt, apologize and beg forgiveness; or he might defend himself by justifying his behavior ("I said what I knew to be false, but it wasn't—strictly speaking—a lie; rather it was the right and proper thing to do in the circumstance"); or, finally, he might offer an *excuse*.

Excuses can be divided into two groups: those which completely defeat the ascription of responsibility ("I did it all right and it was wrong, but I was sick and didn't realize what I was doing"; "Someone had a gun at my back"; "I was only two and a half years old at the time"), and those which diminish the degree of responsibility by citing mitigating or extenuating circumstances. (Consider, for example, the statement which has been attributed to Richard Nixon: "All I can say is that I was very young and very ambitious. . . .")

If the situation is less clear in politics, it is because there is little agreement about what sort of consideration constitutes an acceptable *excuse*. When a politician is accused of deceit, there are always many who find a mitigation, if not a total excuse, in the very nature of his vocation. Thus, politicians tend to be excused for offenses which would not be tolerated if committed by ordinary men in private life.

A familiar response to the moral condemnation of a political leader's conduct is: "Yes, of course he lied and cheated, but after all, you must remember *he is in politics*—what did you expect?" It is the alleged relevance and legitimacy of precisely this response which is so confusing to most of us. Is it intended as an apology, an excuse, or a mitigation? Is it relevant at all? Does it have at least some force?

During the coming year, especially if Richard Nixon is a Presidential candidate, concern with these questions is likely to be greater than at any time since the age of Progressives, Populists and the muckrakers. No other successful politician in recent years has acquired such widespread and bitter enmity in both

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parties as Mr. Nixon. As a Congressman, he perfected the techniques of legislative inquisition and trial by headline and used them with more personal profit than any of his confreres. No one has used the "soft on communism" charge, or the insinuation of treason with greater effectiveness. He has been accused of smearing Jerry Voorhis, of framing Helen Gahagan Douglas, of breaking a solemn pledge to Governor Earl Warren; he has been charged with abusive and dishonest personal attacks on Adlai Stevenson.

Many supporters of Mr. Nixon will simply deny these charges. Others will concede that he was guilty of certain indiscretions, but argue that, since he is now a "new man," he deserves another chance. Others will urge that his youth and inexperience were extenuating circumstances. With these types of defense I am not presently concerned. Of far greater importance in the long run is the defense which will *not* be made by Mr. Nixon's official spokesmen. I refer to the "realistic" argument that the political game itself provides a total excuse for forms of shysterism which would be inexcusable in private life.

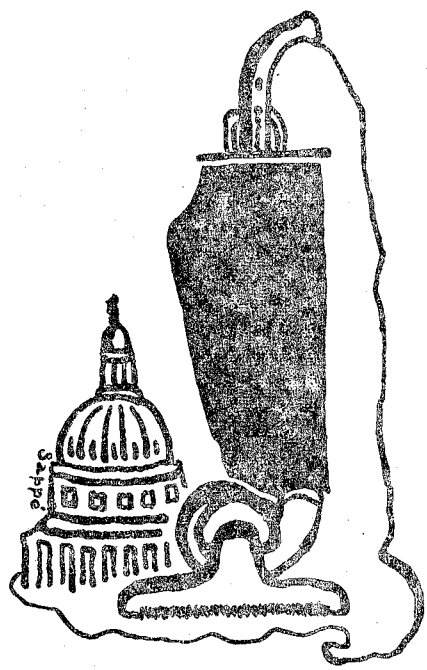
I happen to believe that if a man has advanced himself by unscrupulous double-dealing and cruel deception, then that fact is a very good reason—a quite sufficient reason—for not electing him President of the United States, regardless of his administrative capabilities, his energy and his other political virtues. To express this opinion nowadays is almost certainly to evoke the "Yes, but after all, he is in politics" response. It is said that politics is a rough-and-tumble, inevitably dirty "game," that the greatest political achievements have been the work of men with "dirty hands."

PERHAPS the best way to reply to these claims is to accept the metaphor of the "rough-and-tumble game," and then compare carefully our moral responses to such games with our moral responses to the "game" of democratic politics. The metaphor is a peculiarly appropriate one, I think, for two reasons. First of all, politics, like such bruising body-contact games as football and ice hockey, is a highly competitive activity in which a team is not likely to win unless it is "aggressive" and highly "charged up." Second, both politics and games are forms of rule-governed activity.

Now, I suspect that behind the usual appeal to the metaphor of the "political game" is the assumption that, in certain highly competitive forms of human activity, the rules which govern ordinary "private" life must, from the very nature of the case, be suspended, and in their place be substituted rules of narrower scope peculiar to the activity in question—the "rules of the game."

That this assumption is a mistake, though a very natural one, can be seen, I think, if we list the various kinds of rules which do govern such games as hockey and football. There are at least four of them:

1. Rules of Skill. These are tactical or strategic rules of the sort Kant called "hypothetical imperatives." They all have the form: "If you wish to win without cheating, then you had better do so-and-so." Examples of such rules are "Never turn your back on your opponent" in boxing, and "Keep your left arm stiff" in golf. Analogous in the grand old game of politics are the rules prescribing blue shirts for television appearances and regular Sunday church attendance by Presidential candidates.



2. Constitutive Rules. These constitute part of the very definition of a game. In effect, these rules make a game the game it is, and not some other game. The constitutive rules of ice hockey specify that the game is played on ice by two teams of six players, each of whom must wear ice skates. It is impossible to "violate" these rules and still play ice hockey; for a "violator" would, by definition, simply be playing some other game.

The constitutive rules of the "game" of American politics include those which specify terms of office, how candidates are to be nominated, how votes are to be counted, and so on. If we adopt a rule allowing our President to hold his office for life and then pass it on by primogeniture, then "by definition," we will no longer be playing the grand old American political game.

3. Regulative Rules. While not part of the definition of the game, they regulate the playing by proscribing certain moves. Such rules are "legislated" by rule makers, and are in fact changed from time to time. Their purpose is to make the game a better game on the whole. More often than not they have penalties or forfeitures attached to them and are enforced by officials—umpires, judges and referees. Typical examples: the offside rules in hockey and football, the balk rule in baseball, the pass-interference rule in football.

There is an important point to notice about regulative rules. In games with referees and judges, a player can deliberately infringe a regulative rule without necessarily subjecting himself to the charge of "cheating," without incurring any moral guilt, without doing anything which is in the slightest degree morally offensive or blameworthy. A pass defender in football is forbidden by a regulative rule from blocking, holding, pushing, or even touching an opposing pass catcher, except unintentionally in the process of trying to catch the ball himself. Suppose, however, that the pass catcher, through clever feinting, has managed to elude our pass defender, so that he is now "in the clear," with nothing to do but catch the pass and trot

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a few more yards for a touchdown. The only way our pass defender can prevent the other team from scoring a touchdown is by deliberately and "illegally" interfering with the pass catcher; and in this situation *that is precisely what he ought to do.*

To be sure, he won't get away with it. The referee will impose a severe penalty on the defensive team. But however severe the penalty, it will be preferable to a touchdown by the opposing team. The regulative rule against pass interference simply puts a "price," albeit a stiff one, on a type of behavior which, if common, would make football a less skillful and less interesting game. At the same time, the rule leaves players free to decide in individual cases whether or not paying the price is "worth it" for a certain competitive gain.

Where violations are in their very nature public and easily detectable, we never think of viewing them as unsportsmanlike or of applying to them such epithets as "immoral" and "unfair." It is much more fitting to regard them as prudent or imprudent, and the penalties as "price tags" specifying the "cost" of behavior which, from the narrow point of view of the game itself, is generally undesirable.

4. Moral Rules. These differ from the others in at least three important respects:

¶Moral rules apply not merely to a particular game or to games in general, but to all human behavior. Pass interference is possible only in a football game, but deceit and cruelty are possible in any form of social activity. Hence, moral rules must be stated in much more general terms than regulative rules.

¶The informal "penalties" or "sanctions" attached to moral rules are usually such that it can be in the interest of a person to violate them *only* if he goes undetected. A conspicuous violation of the pass-interference rule can sometimes be more advantageous to a player than strict adherence. There can be no profit, however, in bribing opposing players, gouging their eyes or planting microphones in their dressing rooms, all in full view of the referees and the public. Immorality can pay, but only when concealed or disguised as something more respectable.

¶Finally, moral rules are not merely useful or helpful; they are of absolutely overriding importance. Without such rules, not only games but most other forms of cooperative social activity would be quite impossible. If there were no pass-interference rule, or if the rule were generally disobeyed or not enforced, then football would be a less interesting game—rougher, cruder and less skillful; but if the *moral* rules were suspended or generally violated, then there could be no game at all. Where anything goes, there can be no predictable patterns, no security, no confidence in the performance of one's fellows; and these are the *bare, minimal conditions* for a game or any other collective enterprise.

While a state of affairs in which moral rules are universally violated can benefit no one, a *particular violation* of a moral rule can yield considerable benefit to the violator, but only on the condition that *others* obey the rule. This is what gives infractions of moral rules their special character as *violations of trust.* The violator profits only because there is general compliance on the part of others; hence his violation gives him an "unfair advantage." A football lineman who inconspicuously kicks or gouges his opponent secures a great advantage over him only if the opponent is unprepared for dirty play and unwilling to resort to it himself. If, on the other hand, *both* opposing linemen are disposed to play foul when they think they can get away with it, then there can be no special advantage for either of them. In fact, both of them are far worse off than they would be if each could count on the other's compliance; for where each competitor plays dirty, the jungle state—what Hobbes has called "the war of all against all" — exists with its attendant dangers for both.

IT SHOULD now be easy to show that the fact that politics is a "rough-and-tumble game with its own rules" neither justifies nor excuses the sort of double-dealing which has been charged against Richard Nixon. If Mr. Nixon is to be defended, this must be done by denying the charges of his enemies, or else by admitting the charges and citing evidence of sincere reform. But Mr. Nixon cannot be excused *simply* on the ground that politics is a rough game, for to do this, one would have to argue either (1) that Mr. Nixon is simply a skilled political tactician adhering strictly to the letter of certain well-known political "rules of skill"; or (2) that he has violated only certain "regulative rules" analogous to the pass-interference rule in football; that Mr. Nixon happily paid the "price" stipulated by the rule in order to gain a personal competitive advantage.

BUT neither (1) nor (2) will do. As for (1), there are no "well-known political rules of skill" prescribing that one shout "Communist" and "traitor" whenever he likes, any more than there are manuals teaching how to win at football or chess which contain the rule: "Kick your opponent in the groin whenever you think no one is looking." Indeed, such a "rule" is incompatible with the very concept of a "game."

It is even more plain that (2) will not do. In the first place, if Mr. Nixon violated any rules at all in his dealings with Mr. Voorhis, Mrs. Douglas, Alger Hiss, Earl Warren, Adlai Stevenson, *et al.* (and the charges against him in these cases have been carefully substantiated in numerous studies), these rules could not have been mere regulations of the political game, for the violations were not committed openly, under the eyes of any referee who might impose a penalty; and, in fact, Mr. Nixon paid no price whatever to secure his gain. Secondly, he was able to profit from his sharp practice only because his enemies were either unwilling or unable to use the same sorts of methods against him.

Finally, the fact that these were *moral* rules which Mr. Nixon violated is clearly shown by the fact that if everyone in political life adopted his methods, then American politics would be no "game" at all, but rather an intolerable state of jungle warfare in which the careers of politicians would be "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Distaste for the Contemporary

Martin Green

WILLIAM GOLDING already has a considerable, but unofficial, reputation in this country. There has been one article about him—in the *Kenyon Review* — but the charge carried by his name in literary conversations is out of all proportion to that. To some degree, the lack of published criticism may actually increase that charge: to say the right thing about Golding is the most searching of current tests of one's sophistication. The recent flustered review of *Free Fall* in *The New York Times Book Review* was one example of this nervous excitement.

The achievement claimed for him is that he is the most original and profound of the postwar novelists in Britain, the one with something new to say; *The Lord of the Flies* (1955) has been re-issued in a highbrow paperback series alongside Rilke, Shaw and Whitehead. The exact nature of this achievement is indicated by the vocabulary of his admirers; he is said to write *fables*, to make brilliant use of *symbolism*, to deploy the findings of modern thought about *man-in-society*, to have a vision of the *evil* inherent in human nature. He is compared to Conrad.

The outlines of his career are quickly given. William Golding was born in 1911, studied science and then literature at Oxford, was a naval officer during the war, and since then has taught and written. He has produced some poetry and a play, *The Brass Butterfly*, but he is best known for four novels, *The Lord of the Flies*, *The Inheritors*, *Pincher Martin* (published over here as *The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin*) and now a new one, *Free Fall*.* Of these, the best known, and the best, is the first. It deals with the moral evolution of a group of British schoolboys, about twelve years old, wrecked on a tropical island by an airplane crash; their life together develops in two directions, one toward a civilized, rational, parliamentary discussion of common problems, in imitation of the society they were born into, the other toward tribal superstitions and rituals, orgiastic hunting, dancing and human sacrifice. The two tendencies clash, and the first is defeated (this, of course, is the book's big shock and challenge), but just as the last representative of civilized behavior is about to be hacked to pieces by his companions, the adult world returns, in the shape of a British naval officer just landed on the island, and in a flash all the boys revert from howling savagery to the mundane classroom obedience which was all they had been capable of until a few weeks before. This ending, and the relief it brings, is ironic, for the officer is himself engaged in a war of far more appalling savagery than the one he interrupts. The whole action, moreover, is an ironic reversal of a well-known Victorian boys' book, R. M. Ballantyne's *Coral Island*, still favorite children's reading in England, in which three boys wrecked on a tropical island solve all the problems of primitive living in a jolly-romantic way, with of course no uneasy stirrings of the primeval in them. Golding has given his main characters the same names as the protagonists of *Coral Island*; Ralph, the thoughtful narrator of the Ballantyne book, is here the leader of parliamentarism, the one about to be tortured and slain by his companions at the end; Jack, the brave and dashing hero, is here the leader of those who revert to savagery; and winsome Peterkin (in Golding called Piggy) is a fat, bespectacled, sweaty boy, the butt of the group, who insists on debate and formality because he can get his rights only in an adult world. He is one of those killed by Jack's group.

The other books do not deserve such elaborate summary. *The Inheritors* takes us inside the minds of those beings who preceded us in the evolutionary process; we follow the adventures of a tribe of these, and see the advent of the first human beings (an unattractive group) from their point of view. The creatures whose consciousness we share cannot be said, strictly, to have any thoughts or feelings, so the book is a tour de force technically. *Pincher Martin* is the record of the feverish reminiscences and efforts at survival, during the few days between his shipwreck and his death, of an unscrupulous and treacherous naval officer, alone and resourceless on a meager mid-Atlantic rock. At the end of the story we realize, by another technical sleight of hand, that the whole thing has been a horrible illusion in the mind of a drowning man, and that he never reached the rock in the first place. *The Brass Butterfly*, it is worth noting, is in the mode which is so often the obverse of the mode of these three novels; it is an elegant, mannered, frivolous story of a Roman emperor's court in the third century A.D., with an ultra-civilized, ripely wise, old emperor (Maurice Chevalier type), his brilliant-effete poet grandson (the play was first presented at Oxford, and this character can best be described as a British undergraduate) and figures obliquely symbolizing modern science and Christianity. The play's effective sympathies are all with civilization and paganism, the emperor and the grandson.

IT IS CLEAR, from even this summary, that Golding is not importantly original in thought or feeling. He sees life in the categories which have been most common among writers, especially in Britain, since the First World War; which by now are perceptibly losing vigor and conviction. His world view, that is, closely resembles that of T. S. Eliot, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh and a dozen other typically modern authors.

And I think it can be demonstrated, even from his new book, that he is not a significant artist. His admirers will protest that he must be judged rather by *Lord of the Flies*. It is true that that is a much more successful piece of work, but it is so for highly special reasons, and its success does not, after all, transcend the limitations of Golding's talent; it is not, after all, about the evil inherent in human nature, but about how brutal twelve-year-old boys can be to each other, and the specious extension of that conviction (profoundly, obsessively felt) to an attitude to life is no insight but a trick. *Free Fall* is a better test case. It is a life story and self-interrogation, told in the first person, by a man Golding's own age, an artist, with an intellectual and religious history presumably very like his creator's. In this freest of forms, though complete artistic success may be difficult, whatever a

*Harcourt, Brace. 253 pp. $3.95.

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writer has to offer can find expression; at least as a test of a writer's power of experience this may be taken as fair. And a poverty of experience, a poverty of imagination, is exposed in every line of *Free Fall*.

Golding is a rigidly disciplined writer — his poverty is not unconnected with that — and the structure of *Free Fall* is beautifully clear. Each part can be grasped as a thing in itself, and in its relation to the whole; a relation which is, mechanically, very economical and efficient and harmonious. The narrator tells us his early history, before he lost his freedom and his innocence, for eighty pages; then jumps a few years, to describe his cruelty and compulsion in a love affair, after he had lost that freedom, for fifty pages; then fifty pages about the experience of torture as a prisoner of war which reduced him to self-contempt, returned him to God and started this process of self-interrogation; then forty pages on the crucial intervening period of adolescence, the influences on him of science and religion, and the decision to rebel against his better self which, he realizes, lost him his freedom.

THE prose bears the marks of the same rigid discipline. On the whole it is simple and flat, with contemporary colloquial phrases, and metaphors drawn from scientific technology. "He was specialized and soulless as a guided missile"; "that sees as at the atom furnace, by reflection." The images are sensually realized and fully worked out. At other times there is an odd archaism about the diction: "Shall I choose a Roman Catholic *to* my father? . . . I may communicate *in part*; and that surely is *better than utter* blind and dumb." And there are passages of violent imagery, like the opening sentence: "I have walked by stalls in the market place where books, dog-eared and faded from their purple, have burst with a white hosanna." In every mood, the prose bears the marks of a scrupulous craftsman.

But it is not the prose of a successful artist. There is no life in his language; it is all ingenuity, intention and synthetics. The colloquialisms are never the perfect expression of complex meaning; the elaborate imagery is never assimilated into a natural speaking voice. Ideas are worked out too mechanically. A character described as "skimped in every line of his body by a cosmic meanness," has all the details of his physique accountd for in the same metaphor.

> His hands were in his lap, his knees together. His hair was of a curious indefinable texture — growing all ways, but so weak that it still lay close to his skull like a used doormat. It was so indeterminate that the large light freckles blurred the hair-line on his sloping forehead. His eyes were pale blue and seemed curiously raw in that electric light for he had neither eyebrows nor eyelashes. No, madam, I'm sorry, we don't supply them at that price. This is a utility model.

Details are often flatly commonplace, though at the same time exaggerated, in a way that is not really redeemed by the author's indication that he knows they are. Beatrice is described as having "huge, unutterable eyes." And when he escapes the commonplace it is by invoking the eccentric. "Now I saw the very water of sorrow hanging honey-thick in eyelashes or dashed down a cheek like an exclamation mark at the beginning of a Spanish sentence." Most limiting of all, an obsessive ugliness of experience reveals itself continually in casual metaphors. "In winter you can see the soil smeared away from the chalk like the skin from a white skull. . . . That potency which is assumed in all literature was not mine to use at the drop of a knicker."

Some of these effects make one believe that Golding uses other writers' interpretations of experience as his basic material. The physical description quoted above, for instance, must surely remind one of Dickens. One is reminded of some other writer on nearly every page of *Free Fall*. The intellectualism which dominates it all, especially in would-be Rabelaisian scenes, is very like Joyce Cary's; for instance, the figure of Ma, and the scene of her emerging from the lavatory. The vision of life (the people, places, events, seen as characterizing contemporary experience) is very like that of Wells. The hero's character and his life story are very like those of *Tono-Bungay* and *The New Machiavelli*; above all, the two women in his life, one passive, slow-minded, sexually alluring, a victim; the other energetic, ambitious, rough-talking, an aristocrat, these are Wells's two kinds of women. All this is not a simple kind of imitation; the various reminiscences dovetail together beautifully, and offer themselves quite convincingly as Golding's own view of life. But there is so little new experience here, or new interpretation; so much re-interpretation. The figure of the rector, for example, is *judged* differently from how Wells would judge him, but he is seen with Wells's eyes. And where there is no vividness of experience, the reader can have no vividness of response.

The other source of trouble is that the experience in the book which *is* vivid — the repeated discovery of meanness and nastiness in others and in oneself — is so much on one note of pain; so much of the thinking is a repeated demonstration of this one ugly fact of life; the other things seen and reported

The Tinker

Really a tinker was it I heard?
Or bells itinerant tingling forth
from childhood, one nostalgic noon
of smarting warmth when catkins swarmed
the bough? He never reached my door.
He kept to streets not quite in view,
ringing a two-toned, echo-deaf
E-flat, F, E-flat, F.

He came a route from so long since.
His music mended time alive:
medley of monkey and organ-grinder
and chestnut-man and gas beginning
to sweeten the lamp, that magic hive
of swarming dusk, where Leary's wand
struck honey two-toned and echo-deaf:
E-flat, F, E-flat, F.

Once more in trill across the air
let memory click like special coins
which pay the past its due demand.
Come, tinker, true. Turn, wheel, repair
the breach. Sharpen, sparkle the stains
of use, before you round the bend
in twilight two-toned, echo-deaf:
E-flat, F, E-flat, F.

NORMA FARBER

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seem to have been all vitiated for the writer — at least his report is vitiated for the reader — by this early obsession. In consequence, everything in the book, language, characterization, symbolism, ideology, etc., divides itself between the commonplace and the nightmarish. Here, for instance, is a description of the alarm clock going off in the hero's bedroom, while he was still a child, his security still unshaken:

> All night it had ticked on, repressed, its madness held and bound in; but now the strain burst. The umbrella became a head, the clock beat its head in frenzy, trembling and jerking over the chest of drawers on three legs until it reached a point where the chest would begin to drum in sympathy, sheer madness and hysteria.

The intention seems to be richly imaginative; the effect is both dull and disturbing. Or here is a description of a near-mystical discovery of beauty:

> The trunk was huge and each branch splayed up to a given level; and there, the black leaves floated out like a level of oil on water. Level after horizontal level these leaves cut across the splaying branches and there was a crumpled, silver-paper depth, an ivory quiet beyond them.

Here it is not so much the ugliness of the oil image as the deadness of the crumpled silver-paper and ivory which is oppressive.

THE large experiences described take on the same characteristics. The love affair between the hero and Beatrice is presented as notably dull and commonplace, but at the same time as so painful that it deranged them both, mentally and morally. The book's naturally evil figure (the one skimped in every line of his body) becomes a minister of the Crown and "he finds life as easy as breathing"; the naturally good figure dies very young — he is last shown riding a motorcycle at 100 m.p.h. up over the brow of a hill and turning round to kiss the girl riding pillion as he does so; again everything is both too predictable and too exaggerated. The hero's membership in the Communist Party is dismissed as the simplest kind of self-delusion; the only working-class comrade had joined as a move to better himself socially; the others were all either fools or knaves. He sums up his pre-religious experience as a whole as the discovery that "Sex is everything and is a poor return for birth, for the shames and frustrations of growing up."

The handling of ideas is similar, too predictable and too exaggerated. The attack on hygiene, liberalism, rationalism, progress, and the return to mysticism and dogma, both have nothing new in them. "And this is my cry; that I have walked among you in intellectual freedom and you never tried to seduce me from it, since a century has seduced you to it and you believe in fair play, in not presuming, in being after all not a saint." Such sentiments, in such diction and rhythms, in 1959, can only seem like a summary and an echo. The big themes, of memory and time, of free will and compulsion, of sin and regeneration, are summaries and echoes. The treatment of memory and time is the flattest textbook application of a narrative method we are now all familiar with. There is a mechanical rigidity in the treatment of sin (some characters are "good," others "evil," and the hero stops being "good" and becomes "evil," in one clear-cut, irreversible, eternally binding gesture) which is very inappropriate to the theme of free will. And the technical tours de force, like the discovery at the end that the Gestapo cell (where the hero had suffered the solitary confinement that led to his religious experience) was really only a broom closet, convey a disrespect for the reader and for the art of fiction.

The Lord of the Flies succeeds much better because Golding is genuinely involved in that experience, has some complexity of knowledge and vividness of feeling about boys' brutality to boys; also because the simplification and formalization which can alone disguise his lack of other experience is uniquely appropriate to those characters and that form (the ironic comment on an earlier fiction). But even there you may easily detect the author loading the dice, prejudicing the issue, insuring the triumph of greed, savagery, slyness and panic.

In other words, Golding is a belated recruit to the ranks of those writers who have rediscovered for this century man's essential savagery; who have triumphantly rejected science and hygiene, liberalism and progress; who have, in any account of contemporary conditions, alternated between effects of commonplaceness and effects of nightmare. He is so belated as to inherit these themes in their decrepitude. It is not Conrad he should be compared to, but Graham Greene.

In *The Brass Butterfly* the wise emperor exiles the representative of modern science to China, and thus wins the West a thousand years' reprieve from gunpowder, the printing press, steam, etc., and from all the "unrest, ferment,

The fantastic story —
much of it never told before —
of the men, the policies,
the undercover battles . . .

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by Theodore Draper

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fever, dislocation, disorder, wild experiment and catastrophe" which they will bring. This should corroborate Sir Charles Snow's recent thesis of the hostility active between the literary and the scientific cultures, and of its consequences for modern writers. Golding is perhaps the most extreme example of that sullen distaste for the contemporary which Snow describes as cankering modern literary intellectuals and as deriving from their rejection of science.

No Pardon for Sacco and Vanzetti

HEARING BEFORE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE ON THE SACCO-VANZETTI CASE. Published by the Committee for the Vindication of Sacco and Vanzetti. 1959.

Ralph Colp, Jr.

NO event in America's recent past so persistently quakes present-day American conscience as the 1921-27 trial and the August 23, 1927 execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. The latest quake was on April 2, 1959, when, publicly considering a bill which would posthumously pardon Sacco and Vanzetti, a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature sat on the podium of Gardner Auditorium on Boston's Beacon Hill, listening to and questioning eleven speakers. This volume, the stenographic record of that day, presents better than any other publication thus far the topical meaning of the case of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Speaking first, Representative Cella, sponsor of the pardon bill, "confessed" to "many moments of doubt, despair, and discouragement . . . whether . . . we should leave Sacco and Vanzetti to the ultimate and inevitable vindication of time and history." Then, in support of his legislative action, he quoted a letter just received from a sister of Vanzetti living in the family house in Villafalletto, Italy: "It is for the men of the state today to take heart of the gravity of the action of their predecessors and to be good enough to recognize and repair the bad deed with serenity and open heart without any preconceptions of race or ideas." After Cella, the speech of Michael Musmanno — once last counsel to Sacco and Vanzetti, now a judge on the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania — though floridly baroque in style, sharply summarized the three salient defects of the Sacco-Vanzetti prosecution: the prejudice of Judge Thayer; the prejudice, mendacity and unreliability of the prosecution witness; the prejudice and ignorance of the Lowell Committee. "The Lowell Committee," said Musmanno, "made so many errors that I have to doubt that they read the [Sacco-Vanzetti trial] record." Here, for a generation that did not experience the case and may not have read the books of Frankfurter, Frankel and Morgan, is the cornerstone of the argument for Sacco and Vanzetti: though tried by all the forms of law, they did not receive a fair trial.

IF NOT Sacco and Vanzetti, who then were the murderers of paymaster Parmenter and Berardelli? Herbert Ehrmann in *The Untried Case of Sacco and Vanzetti* (1933) presented evidence that the culprits were the Morelli gang of Rhode Island. *The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti* (1948) supposed that the real criminals were either dead or would soon die and the truth would never be known. Now, in his speech to the legislators, Morris Ernst revealed that Joe Morelli showed him the manuscript of an autobiography he had written containing the "real truth and no baloney about Sacco and Vanzetti." Ernst also knew Mancini, who according to hearsay had been the actual gunman and who after a brief prison term disappeared. Search for Morelli's book and for Mancini and you will make a real contribution to justice, Ernst told the legislators.

A number of speakers regarded Sacco and Vanzetti in the perspective of three decades. "Every American historian," said Harvard Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Sr., "has either by implication or by direct assertion, stated that the two men did not receive a fair trial." Professor John Roche, Chairman of Brandeis University's Department of Political Science, saw Sacco and Vanzetti as victims of the "sordid social fear," Stokes-trial obscurantism, race and religious hate, xenophobia and gangsterism, of the "terrible decade" of the 1920s — "since then the United States has grown up." And then the Rev. Donald Lothrop of the Community Church of Boston: "I have a strong feeling that there isn't a man in your Committee but that hasn't had implanted in his heart and in his mind, a certain doubt about the virtue of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. . . . One of the most difficult things in the world is the recognition of error, the confession of guilt. . . . And yet it is the most profound mark of the religious spirit. . . ." Of the eleven speakers, all but one urged the passage of Cella's pardon.

OF THE legislators, who listened to these pleas, Donlan — most aggressively anti-Sacco-Vanzetti — asked how could such institutions as a jury, a judge, a state supreme court, a committee headed by the president of Harvard, the Governor of Massachusetts — who "with a magnifying glass" examined photos of the bullets that killed Parmenter and Berardelli and agreed with some ballistic experts that they came from Sacco's revolver — how, indeed, could all these American institutions commit an error? Representative Kaplan was the most objective: "The thing that troubles me . . . is how we on the Committee are qualified to come to any real decision on this matter, which has been a matter of controversy for legal experts for the last thirty years." No committee member publicly supported Cella's pardon. In the end, a statement signed by a committee majority of eleven said: "We do not believe it is a proper function of the Legislature to pass resolutions which seek to influence the Governor in the exercise of his executive powers." The statement also added: "In saying this, we are not unmindful of all that happened in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. We neither condemn nor criticize the action taken by the court. That is not our proper function." So, although Cella's pardon was

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In the Shade of My Hair

(Anonymous, from the Spanish)

In the shade of my hair
My lover fell asleep.
Shall I wake him or no?

I was combing my hair
As usual, over and over;
The breeze toyed with it, stealing
Those that were most fair.
In their shade and air
My lover fell asleep.
Shall I wake him or no?

He says that he suffers
From my vast ingratitude,
That my tawny color
Quickens and strikes him dead,
And calling me siren
Beside me he fell asleep.
Shall I wake him or no?

W. S. MERWIN

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quashed, the "certain doubt" that perhaps an injustice had been done was acknowledged.

The hearing showed that today — as during the past four decades — individuals may divide on Sacco and Vanzetti for personal rather than political reasons. (The Ford Foundation's commission to Marc Blitzstein for an opera based on Sacco and Vanzetti reminds us that Henry Ford doubted their guilt.) Sacco and Vanzetti also, as John Dos Passos said in U.S.A., divided America into "Two Nations." One was monied, conservative and supporting the *status quo*; the other was poor, liberal-radical and reformist. In the hearing Sacco and Vanzetti divided the Massachusetts "men of state" into two groups. Both believed in the same political institutions; they differed only in their ability to look at the past of those institutions. One group can look at the past and publicly admit errors. The other — though nursing doubts — cannot look at the past.

The Wrong Road

THE ELECTRIC INTERURBAN RAILWAYS IN AMERICA. By George W. Hilton and John F. Due. Stanford University Press. 463 pp. $9.50.

Benjamin DeMott

IN OURTOWN, as perhaps in Yourtown, the rails of the abandoned interurban won't stay down. Like bits of a blasted wisdom tooth that pierce the gum, they work up through the asphalt of Pleasant or Main, and give old hearts a turn. How it used to be! Ah, how it used to be! In spring, summer and early fall (one-half century ago) a crossbench open car ran back and forth from here to the neighbor village, and the breeze of its motion had the sweetness of river meadows in it, and at night the college boys—"fussers" who had visited a cottage at Smith or mere lads returning from a pitcher of suds at Dick Rahar's —sang their longings to the stars. The maximum speed was twenty miles an hour; traffic was light at all times; and you did not have to worry about a drunk at the wheel. Neither had you to worry, if you were a professor strolling home from the office, about coming on some sight—three Theta Delts scrubbing the tailfins of an Imperial with Tide—that would gravel you for an hour in clichés about The Conflict of Values: the "boys" had as yet no need for cars. At first glance it would seem, in short, that ridiculing old hearts for reading the trolley rails as signs of a lost Eden is not only harsh but thoughtless. Life *was* simpler and so in consequence were men.

Precisely how much simpler is one of the revelations of the scholarly and interesting history at hand. This is not to say that the authors of the book lack feeling for the departed age. Although they see themselves (correctly) as contributors to knowledge of American transportation, although they offer batteries of charts, graphs, tables, not to speak of several hundred brief histories (from birth to bankruptcy), of individual interurban companies, their affection for the trolley is never out of sight. They dedicate their labors to a nineteen-year-old boy killed in World War II, and they say of him that he "would have found little in [the book] that he did not know." This hint that behind the grand façade of scholarship lies an expanse of boyish enthusiasm is strengthened by a lovingly amassed and beautifully reproduced collection of photographs of streetcars, as well as by such passages as the following:

> The standard wooden interurban car was a thing of beauty that has been . . . too little appreciated. In the truest sense, it exemplified functional design. . . . Almost all the wooden interurbans have now been destroyed. Most were burned for their metal, but a few became summer cottages, roadside stands, or farm buildings; barely a dozen have been preserved as museum pieces. It is a pity that so few of these cars were preserved, for the best of them were exemplary pieces of American design.

But neither aesthetic feeling nor nostalgia is allowed much place in the text as a whole. Messrs. Hilton and Due bring forth not a vision of A Golden Past, but a convincing record of human lunacy, of the idle chaos of human events. They may well have wanted to produce a record of another kind, but the evidence denied them the chance and, to their credit, they suppress none of it.

"One of the classic manias" of the American past—that is the description offered of the boom in construction of

BENJAMIN DeMOTT is Professor of English at Amherst College. His The Body's Cage, *a novel, was published by Little, Brown.*

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By James A. Wechsler
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and other poetry and prose
x:3

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trolley lines. The boom took place in the first decade of the century, at a time when Henry Ford and William Durant were in desperate and unsuccessful search of backing for the manufacture of automobiles. It was marked by stupidity extraordinary even for a boom. An Illinois contractor spent tens of thousands building a line from Amboy (pop. 1,900) through Lee Center (pop. 250) to an electric pole at a crossroads called Middlebury. A promoter in 1901 gained considerable support for a scheme to construct an eight track, sixty-miles-an-hour trolley line between Jersey City and Philadelphia—the fare to be a flat nickel. At one point eleven companies were preparing to lay track into a town called Tiffin in Ohio. Work was begun on the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line, an interurban that was to follow an absolutely straight track between these cities: no grades, no curves that could not be negotiated at ninety miles an hour, no crossings with other railroads. ("Even in the flat country of northern Indiana the Air Line's construction standards proved to be unbearably expensive. One can barely conceive of the expense of the bridges, cuts, fills and tunnels necessary to drive a straight line through the mountains of Pennsylvania.")

THE rhetoric that accompanied such projects was, of course, delicious. In 1903 the interurban was spoken of as "the latest harbinger of a higher state of civilization." An aluminum car was advertised as "The Red Devil" in a famous newsreel that showed it winning a race with an airplane. Investors in the Chicago-New York interurban were members of "The Air Line Stockholders' Association of the World"; there were supposed to be fifty "camps" of these stockholders in the United States, each holding periodic revival sessions "to rally support for the Air Line." Fine condescension for the automobile came forth from such pioneer interurbanists as C. H. Henry, who predicted in 1916 that "the fad feature of automobile riding will gradually wear off," and in 1917 announced that the prediction had come true: the fad was over, the automobile was in decline. So powerfully did the rhetoric touch the enthusiast that none accounted it significant that interurbans began losing money almost as soon as they began offering regular service. Net earnings rarely exceeded $500 per mile of track; fixed charges were close to $1,250 per mile of track. When interurbans operated on city streets they were required to "pave between the rails for a certain distance, often two feet on each side," which in effect meant that the trolleys were paying for the roads that encouraged people to buy automobiles. In 1917, the Connecticut Company reported that it had lost 75 per cent of its short-haul freight business to trucks; in 1915, the Air Line—that "extreme example of the lunatic fringe of interurban projects"—went bankrupt. People were aware that, owing to the competition of cars and buses, scores of interurban lines had died after less than five years of operation; they knew that some, like the Fidalgo City and Anacortes in the State of Washington, ran only a few trips, and that millions had been wasted on similar insane projects—but optimism was slow to diminish. "Some roads continued to plan for expansion even as late as the mid-twenties . . . when the trends should have been perfectly obvious." A few companies were buying new cars as late as 1948. Nor were lip readers the only people involved in the madness. There were thousands of "nice homes" throughout America to which the interurban mania brought ruin—among them, the Van Doren house in Urbana. Carl Van Doren wrote that the last of his father's enterprises was:

> . . . an electric railroad that would run north and south through Urbana. . . . The line would compete not only with the Illinois Central railroad, which it paralleled, but with automobiles and trucks. . . . People put money into it because [the elder Van Doren] asked them to; they believed in him as he believed in it, for his initial faith was very strong; and thoughts of these people were to rob him of much sleep before he died. The railroad never did prosper, though it ran for years. . . . We all witnessed the dismal, slow disaster without any power to stop it on our part. It was eventually . . . to take away from him whatever wealth he had; my mother, by buying a few houses and renting them, and by renting rooms in her own house to university people, saved them both in so far as they could be saved. All of this was a heart-rending spectacle. . . .

The whole tale, dry and statistic-ridden as it is, can hardly be regarded as less than that. To be sure, there are other ways of seeing it. The "city" planners of Los Angeles, for example, are now aware that the decision to drop the interurban may well have been responsible for their present torments. The student of transportation is right to doubt that America, once the world's master in the field, ever invented a happier mode of movement than the cross-bench open car. And as already indicated, specialists in nostalgia who are deep in the period have undertaken to transform the trolley into the key symbol of the sweet innocence of "the good years"—to use the label favored in a *kitsch* treatise on The Golden Past shortly to be released. But these alternative responses are, in the eyes of Messrs. Hilton and Due, scholars who have seen to the bottom of the story, finally a shade irrelevant. At the moment when the automobile was just "coming in," why should vast energies have been expended on another, futureless mode of travel? Too clear an answer would obscure the truth that all passages of history are chaotic—so these writers speak of lunacy. Their stern and orderly book, like the strips of rail that here and there in this aimless land still jut up glinting in the sun, is a useful reminder of the pathos of many homely American hopes.

LETTER from WASHINGTON

Stanley Meisler

THE BRUISED cultural feelings of Washington received a fillip of sorts during the week of April 17, when twenty-eight writers and artists from eleven countries assembled for an annual congress sponsored by the capital's Institute of Contemporary Arts and financed by the Ford Foundation. The roster included Italian Nobel-Prize poet Salvatore Quasimodo, American poets Richard Eberhart, Stanley Kunitz and Allen Tate, England's critic-poet Sir Herbert Read and potter Bernard Leach, French poet Yves Bonnefoy and Brazilian novelist Erico Verissimo. Keeping close to a prepared schedule, they ate, drank and partied together, delivered lectures, plunged into panel discussions, declaimed poetry and exchanged views on the theme of the congress — the status of the artist. Leach even potted. While these activities did not tear headlines from the other major events of the week (the convening of the Daughters of the American Revolu-

STANLEY MEISLER is a wire service newsman now stationed in Washington.

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tion and the opening of the Washington Senators' annual drive to soar higher than eighth place), enough occurred to make Washington cultural buffs puff out their chests and, for at least a week, forget Howard Taubman.

For four months now, the capital has lived under the shadow of Taubman, music critic of *The New York Times*, who wrote an article last December 27 with a question for a title. "In Culture," it asked, "Is Washington a Hick Town?" Taubman's answer clearly was yes. Putting aside comparisons with London, Paris, Moscow or Rome, the critic suggested that Washington does not measure up even to Brussels or, for that matter, a provincial town like Tiflis in Russia. While finding Washington's record in the plastic and graphic arts quite satisfactory, Taubman described its performance in music as variable, in the dance as negligible and in theatre as poor. As an example of the capital's attitude, the critic noted that while designers have prepared detailed plans for a new, stately National Culture Center, few planners have bothered to discuss who and what will fill it.

Taubman's article contained the most perceptive analysis of Washington cultural life recently published and should have prompted residents to read it closely and brood. But rather than brood, the city has chosen to snarl, and few columnists, lecturers and party-goers miss an opportunity these days to snatch at the tidbits of Washington culture, hold them high and wave them angrily toward Taubman. The Congress of Writers and Artists was that kind of tidbit, and I attended a couple of public sessions to see for myself if, perhaps, Washington had a much more exciting cultural life than Taubman imagined.

ONE EVENING 400 others and I filled a bit less than half of the Interior Department auditorium to hear Eberhart, Leach, Read, Tate, Verissimo and British critic Robert Conquest discuss the status of the artist. It became apparent, after a while, that the panelists were bored with their status and one another. Eberhart seemed to speak for everyone when he suggested that the American artist may be using up too much energy searching for status. "The world is a place of struggle," Eberhart said, "and the spirit of man will not be put down by obstacles." And Tate clinched the argument by noting that the status of the artist cannot be too bad if foundations and the State Department continually spend money shipping them about the world to talk to one another. "Someone once called me an international congress bum," Tate said, chuckling at his sponsors.

The evening livened only when Herbert Read discussed his tour of Communist China last fall and reported dispassionately on his interviews with Chinese writers and artists. The audience and his fellow panelists leaned forward to catch every word as Read described the physical status of Chinese writers (he was struck by their elegance, well-being and high incomes) and then recounted the gist of his conversations with them on their spiritual status. He had asked the leaders of the Chinese Writers Union if Mao's "Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom" policy still continued for writers. He was assured there had been no change although, the writers added, "naturally the blossoms were Socialist blossoms and must not be choked by noxious weeds." Read then asked if *Doctor Zhivago* had been published in China. His question first evoked a negative reply, then an embarrassed flurry of whispers, and finally an admission that the book had been published in a limited edition and circulated among members of the Writers Union. After reading the novel, the union, which operates a publishing house, decided not to issue it for general circulation. Wasn't this censorship? Read asked. No, he was told, any publishing house has the right to turn down a manuscript. Read noted that their replies resembled doublethink but their actions actually were not too different from those of Roman Catholic bishops who refuse the imprimatur to anything the Church considers evil.

Read also provided one of the few live moments at a festival of poetry two nights later. He, Bonnefoy, Kunitz, Tate and Quasimodo read some of their poetry to an Interior Department audience that now had dwindled to 250. Here I must confess to a prejudice, for I have never felt that poets reading their own poetry provide any new insights. But, at the festival, both Read and Quasimodo offered something new and different, at least for me, and my interest perked up during their turns. The rest of the audience, perhaps with the same prejudice, also awakened at the same times I did.

Read's contribution was a few abstract poems, which he insisted were not nonsense, but had significance, at least for him. They consisted of words strung together ("Syntax is the death of poetry," Read had said in his preface) with no discernible meaning but somehow filled with musical logic. They were short and fun to hear.

Quasimodo, who won the Nobel Prize

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last year, is little known in this country. A few journals have published individual poems, but the first major translation of his works will be published here this month. The audience, therefore, was treated to an event, a sort of introduction of Quasimodo to America. Bonnefoy, of course, also is little known in the United States, but, not being a Nobel Prize-winner, he was less of an event. Kimon Friar read Quasimodo's poems in English translation, and then the poet, in a low monotone, read them in Italian. It is difficult to judge a poet by hearing a few of his pieces in translation, but Quasimodo impressed me as a tough-minded Romantic, a lyric poet searching for beauty but not blind to Buchenwald or the poverty of the south of his country. "Poets are not liars," he says. And he ends a lyric about the Italian south by describing his poem as "a love lament where no love sings."

Quasimodo and Read stirred the public sessions of the congress by offering something unusual: a new Nobel poet, a report on Red China, a few abstract poems. In short, they made news. But the news they made was meager and somewhat accidental. Perhaps many more exciting things went on at the private sessions of the congress. But I have visions of endless dull talk and endless dull parties. Potter Leach, however, may have been an exception. He spent his mornings in an apron, conducting pottery workshops at Catholic University. The vitality of Leach may underscore the basic fault of the congress. Too much talk and not enough potting. And that may be the trouble with Washington cultural life, too.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE MIDTOWN GALLERY exhibits drawings and paintings by Isabel Bishop. The tiny drawings have an easy careful accuracy. Isabel Bishop's name has been associated with a group of artists who favor realism and the human image. Her paintings show girls on the street, in the subway, at lunch counters, and men at drinking fountains. The color is transparent tan, opaque gray, and in almost every painting, there is an abstract triangle or oblong of acid red-orange that at a distance, where subject matter is lost, counts as the part that holds the painting down. The figures hurry over subway platforms; the legs, and especially the shoes at the instantaneous still point of the motion, clearer than the faces and bodies above. They walk in tiers, in Piranesi's prisons. Underlying the grayly opalescent transparent bodies and crisp transparent architecture, are small impastoed horizontal strokes, over gray horizontal striping. This texture and the acid triangle of solid red gives each painting its tactility.

What is real? The canvas surface, recalled by this tactility, dominates the illusion and, since representation is shown to be illusion, Miss Bishop supports, except in choice and taste, the non-objective painters who want no part of illusion, for she emphasizes more even than the painter friends of Mallarmé, the illusory nature of objectivity. The horizontal impasto, parallel to the floor of the room where the painting hangs, places one indoors: she will not allow herself to forget that the painting is a dream, which convinces by virtue of its dreaminess. What is real, the room where we spend most of our time, or the human imagination? One painting shows a girl's face reflected in the mirror of a subway gum dispenser; to the right is the girl's head looking toward the mirror. The acid orange of the gum machine in the only opaque color besides the ubiquitous gray, and therefore the only color with materiality. The girl's head in profile is almost lost; the image in the mirror, the most sensitive passage of the painting, is in many colors. The materiality of the box that frames the mirror is bright, strong and ugly, the girl herself is passing, but her image, her sublimation, of the thinnest substance of all, holds you by its subtlety. You are held by an image of an image. The human image, and its architectural setting, which are important to Miss Bishop, are only half of her subject; the sublimated and immaterial half. The other half is not image, but the wall behind it. Her paradox consists in saying that the part of art which represents the outer world, and which criticism associates with reality, is a sublimation; and that the abstract part that represents nothing, and that criticism associates with non-objectivity, is the part that stands for reality, for the object, for being awake.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE SECOND program on Leonard Bernstein's New York Philharmonic "Spring Festival of Theatre Music," devoted to four large operatic excerpts, turned out to be a thorough delight. It began with the Prologue to Arrigo Boïto's *Mefistofele* (1868) and ended with two acts of Virgil Thomson's dada opera on a Gertrude Stein text, *Four Saints in Three Acts* (1934). Between these extremes were three duets from Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* (1934), and the world première of a nine-minute comic opera by Lukas Foss, called *Introductions and Goodbyes*. The latter had a libretto by Gian-Carlo Menotti, who commissioned the piece for his *Festival of Two Worlds* in Spoletto, Italy. It will be performed there this summer.

If the excerpt from *Mefistofele* had been presented in any other than a historical context, I would have lamented its presence on the program, for this is not very interesting music, and the choir of Cherubin and the thunder-machine is a little silly. Nevertheless, Boïto has his place in operatic history, as an important figure on the Italian literary and musical scene of the late nineteenth century, and as the librettist for Verdi's *Otello* and *Falstaff*. His music deserves to be heard now and again, if only as a historical curiosity. And on this occasion its relative naïveté and lack of pungency made it a useful foil to other works which were anything but naive or un-pungent.

It is a pity that operas like Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts* and *The Mother of Us All* are not taken up by managements in this country and treated as the important repertory items they deserve to be, rather than as "special" operas for erudite or precious tastes. It is true that a Gertrude Stein text differs considerably from the usual opera libretto. For this, let us praise heaven. As Thomson treats her word-complexes, they are loaded with dramatic potency; and they are more easily comprehended than when read on the printed page. These operas are not "special"; they are simply civilized and literate. Their level of linguistic, musical and dramatic taste would serve as a better example for the American lyric theatre than does the pseudo-Americana (like that of *Susannah*) with which we are frequently peppered.

The musical personality exhibited by Thomson's larger pieces is, I think, a great deal like that of Charles Ives—audacious, iconoclastic, a bit profligate.

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Unlike Ives, however, Thomson is a thorough professional. He has always heard his music in performance and has thus been able to perfect ways of making his statements efficiently, of keeping them under practical control. His score for *Four Saints in Three Acts* sounded forth the other night with a solidity, cleanliness and brisk frankness that were a delight to the ears. Even in a truncated concert performance, presenting only Acts III and IV, it drew the loudest applause of the evening. And the Stein text seemed to bother nobody.

The duets from *Mathis der Maler* were, on the other hand, received with more iciness than I have witnessed all season at the Philharmonic. I was surprised, for they contain so much deeply beautiful music, and received performances that can only be called inspired. Perhaps Hindemith's contrapuntal textures make *Mathis* less directly appealing than the Italian, French, or American stage works, which usually put emphasis on the voice, rather than on the orchestra, and stress simplicity of presentation. Whatever the reasons for the public response, I found this music profoundly moving—so elevated, supple and distinguished.

The new Foss work, *Introductions and Goodbyes,* was written for fun, and it is fun. There is only one character, a Mr. McC., who first greets unseen guests to his cocktail party, introducing them to one another (they mostly have elaborate names like Addington-Stitch), and then, from the opera's mid-point on, begins to bid them farewell. A small chorus (which would be placed in the orchestra pit for a staged performance) emits an incoherent muddle of names from time to time, imitating the conversation usual at such gatherings. The whole affair is a joke, but for nine minutes, it sustains itself well. Foss's music is nicely crafted and appealing. I did not get the point of some passages at the very beginning of the Overture, and at the very end of the Epilogue, which sounded like vulgar parodies of Webern. But these were very small portions of the whole. The extended xylophone solo, which the composer referred to fondly as "Dry-Martini music," was charmingly conceived and effective.

BERNSTEIN'S conducting, through the whole evening, was nothing short of phenomenal. At none of his earlier performances have I gained so strong an impression of deep, internal identification with the music he was directing. His technique is, of course, brilliant, and one always recognizes that. But a baton can reach to the core of an idea, or touch it only on its edge. On this evening, Bernstein was delving deeply into things, and even his physical gestures seemed imbued with a new kind of calm, muscular thrust. The orchestra responded in full measure. Only once or twice, under any conductor, have I heard it sound so spiritually unified and lovely in coloration.

The soloists and chorus, too, performed with almost unbelievable excellence. The Choral Art Society (William Jonson, Director) is one of the finest groups of its kind: not too large; perfectly balanced; and capable of the very purest ensemble diction. The Boys' Choir of St. Paul's Church, Flatbush (Charles Ennis, Director), though not as exemplary, was, after all, composed of children. Every one of the soloists was first rate. McHenry Boatwright appeared as Mephistopheles and Compere (in *Four Saints*). Herbert Beattie, Irene Jordan and Lee Venora sang the Hindemith duets. John Reardon, a young baritone from the New York City Opera Company, sang Mr. McC., with members of the Choral Art Society acting as the cocktail conversation in *Introductions and Goodbyes.* The adult chorus, Betty Allen, McHenry Boatwright, Lee Venora, Arnold Voketaitis and Robert Eckert composed the ensemble for *Four Saints in Three Acts.* It was, as you must have gathered, quite an evening of music.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

AT THE AGE of twenty-one Chekhov was already blessed with the gifts of observation and understanding that made him one of the masters of late nineteenth-century literature. *A Country Scandal* (Greenwich Mews Theatre), his first play, is endowed with the signs of his genius. It has never before been professionally produced in this country.

Cruder in craftsmanship than his later work—Chekhov's talent grew in subtlety and depth with every play he wrote—less delicate in touch and verbal statement, *A Country Scandal* is none the less a brilliant achievement. The strokes of portraiture are more emphatic, more highly colored with the youthful tendency to exaggerate and overstress, but they are all strokes of the keenest perception.

This is a comedy full of hurt, a pathetic work which at times is as hilarious as a French farce. The young man who wrote it understood that the every-

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day muddle of ordinary folk was a tragedy to those who feel and terribly funny to those who think. Although it reflects perfectly the Russian quality of the scene it describes — reflects too the particular historical moment in which the story unfolds: the eighties of the last century—the play is universal and its people are more real, more vivid and more intimately known to us than are our neighbors. In fact they are us.

They are a feckless lot. Chekhov makes us laugh at them; yet they are never altogether contemptible. Trivial, they somehow remain worthy. That is why Chekhov's realism is not petty nor what one might call "statistical." He sees that all these people are composed of the honorable traits and needs of more exalted folk. What gives them their aspect of caricature is their lack of purpose: they live in a world without horizon or direction. They move in feverish spasms like members truncated from a body.

As the play progresses we can scarcely fail to notice how much these "benighted" Russians resemble our contemporaries—particularly those who appear most "modern" and sophisticated. There is however this difference of approach: if one of our American realists were to present them, these people would be made to seem abnormal or, much worse, too flat and thin in human texture to touch us, to be poignantly relevant.

The central figure is Platonov, a young school teacher, good looking, idealistic but with no specific ideal to aim at, intelligent but lacking any definite problem with which to grapple. He is moderately sensual and, being aimless, he is intrinsically passive. Attractive to women who live in the same airless environment, he becomes a victim of their yearning; to other men, however, he seems the ravaging pursuer of the female sex. This parochial Don Juan is a lover who experiences little pleasure and whose every adventure renders him more abject—flotsam on a stagnant sea.

Around him are rich landowners with nothing to buy—except women who do not desire them. They are men who seek release in drink or in the fleshpots of Paris (they are ashamed to sin at home), blue-stocking girls who are housewives at heart, married women rendered hysterical by the inanity of their nincompoop husbands, aggressive women who can find no partner or prey equal to them in forthrightness or force. The rich Jew is scorned because he is a tradesman, the aristocrat is spineless, the peasant is brutal and baffled, the doctor, a drunk uninspired by his profession, and the good are simple-minded and utterly lost in a society they cannot comprehend or change.

All this, I repeat, is communicated in heartbreak which is not sentimental, with a sense of the ridiculous which is not patronizing. Chekhov was a fine artist, a beautiful spirit and truly modest.

It is significant that so admirable a play—which by the way offers many first-rate acting opportunities—should be done on the American stage in an off-Broadway production. And it is no criticism of the performance we see now to say that it does not encompass the play's full scope. For it is a very knowing production. The actors are generally well cast; Ammon Kabatchnik's direction, which points up the comedy, is firm and aware; the sets by Richard Bianchi are remarkably apt in relation to the circumstances of playhouse, company and resources.

PUBLICATIONS

POLITICAL AFFAIRS — May
features CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT: "The Negro People and the 1960 Elections"—JAMES WEST: "Mass Movement in Illinois"—DOROTHY HEALEY: "The California Scene"—FRED BLAIR: "The Wisconsin Primaries." Also, Soviet analysis: "The Struggle for the Defense of Democracy in Bourgeois Countries" and HYMAN LUMER: "Notes of the Month" (South Africa, Cuba, etc.). HERBERT APTHEKER: "Mythology of American Racism, Part II." **Single Copy 35c; Subscription $4.**
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LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

rangement, for our union does not have a "machine" (or, more politely, "team"). No, these men were elected on their own, due to their own virtues, by predominantly white electors.

RAY DAVIDSON, Publicity Director
Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers

Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Davidson wants us to believe the sixteen Executive Board members of his union have the same status as the Executive Board members of most unions. They are not, in fact, full-time functionaries; most of them are plant workers who hold no full-time union jobs. They are like the board members of most "volunteer" organizations. They meet every so often and purport to set union policy between conventions. But the regional administrative work is done by district directors, appointed for that purpose. Since the Executive Board is not much more than window dressing, it matters very little whether its members were elected by a "machine," a "team" or by pseudo-intellectuals who read progressive publications.

DICK BRUNER

Bergenfield, N. J.

Jane Addams' League

Dear Sirs: Roger Baldwin's excellent piece on Jane Addams in your April 30 issue speaks of her rise to "international acclaim as the leader of the most influential women's movement for peace and freedom." He speaks, too, of her most enduring heritage—"the ongoing world union of women she created."

Mr. Baldwin does us honor to assume that his readers will recognize in both descriptions the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the organization of which Jane Addams was a founder in 1915, international president until her death, and to which she gave her share of the 1931 Nobel Peace award money.

MILDRED SCOTT OLMSTED

Philadelphia, Pa.

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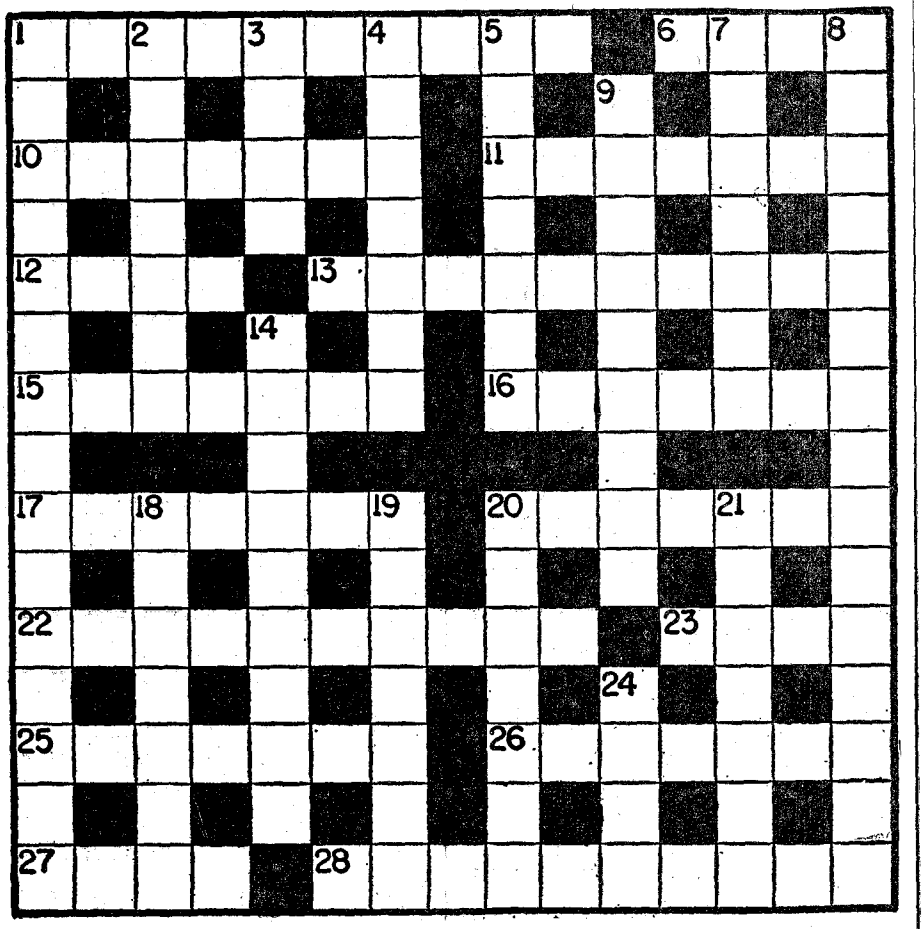
Crossword Puzzle No. 868

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It makes a stone stink badly, and suggests badness itself. (10)
6 See 3 down
10 Omar might be brought up to date.
11 More than one 20 down puts a load on the family automobile. (7)
12 Isn't this fellow ever met as a patient type? (4)
13 Desiring so for improvement in leaving the course? (10)
15 Covering many things at once. (7)
16 Included for the most part in Poland and Czechoslovakia. (7)
17 And including Dutch, Germans, and Scandinavians. (7)
20 When men are doing this with their locks, they won't be doing it much longer. (7)
22 Gas in the water might. (10)
23 That's the trouble with getting beached away from the base! (4)
25 Nations might be thrown into discord by such smears. (7)
26 Assign a reporter? (7)
27 Raise up with a jerk, like some tramp. (4)
28 Tender name with which one might close a letter? (10)

DOWN:

1 Sounds like Saturday might be in order! (6, 2, 3, 4)
2 Eggs change into a situation where one might find lots of 12. (7)
3 and 6 Any monkey can make his own gas-saver! (8)
4 Messengers of a churchwoman belonging to a union organization. (7)
5 Even an ill-bred person looks around and protects things! (7)
7 They're contrary to what is expected of the state ore is in. (7)
8 What the answer to this clue involves might be found in England ten times. (15)
9 Jacob and Orlando? (9)
14 It's repugnant to dislike a tear! (9)
18 To insist on someone's getting out of the habit? (7)
19 A person does to the gas, relatively indirect. (7)
20 A cigarette holder might be a problem to occasional smokers. (7)
21 What goes with some company at the head of the queue is lean. (7)
24 The object of a healthy jester? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 867

ACROSS: 1 Americanization; 9 Ownership; 11 Blimps; 12 Horrible; 14 Schedule; 16 Paths; 17 Abode; 18 Hallmark; 20 Chessmen; 21 and 10 Breadsticks; 24 Ad lib; 25 Gatehouse; 26 Chinese checkers. DOWN: 1 Amoeba; 2 Ennui; 3 Irreprehensible; 4 Ache; 5 Improperly; 6 Anthropomorphic; 7 Incubator; 8 Nesters; 13 Bush league; 15 Chou En-lai; 17 Archaic; 19 Aspens; 22 Abuse; 23 Itch.

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